MARCH 27, 2000

Super Tuesday–And What's Ahead

$2.75 US/$3.75 CANADA

The Nation.

Temps Demand a New Deal

by CHRISTOPHER D. COOK

GREENSPAN, STEALTH CANDIDATE William Greider

LIONIZING YELTSIN Abraham Brumberg

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LETTERS

Kudos & Kvetches on the Century

Our Century retrospective [Jan. 10/17] was a smash hit, judging from the mountains of mail. But our readers are an exacting bunch who demand perfection, and many wrote in with additions, complaints and corrections. We were taken to task for "knuckling under to the mainstream notion" that 2000 marks the beginning of the new millennium and for the rare factual error. Some, who didn't understand the alternative nature of the Timeline, wanted to know why events like women's suffrage and Hiroshima were omitted (they appear in the Century list). Two alert readers pointed out that in his 1925 letter to the editor, Adolf Hitler gives an incorrect name for the prison he'd spent time in. (We're checking the source of the error.) —*The Editors*

Cleveland

■ Wow! What a superlative issue. It is a gold mine for a reader's mind. PHILIP R. BRODSKY

St. Paul

■ "An Alternative History" is a truly remarkable piece of work that enters my library as a permanent "keeper." I not only devoured the remarkable survey of 100 years drawn from your pages; I also read the masthead, classified ads (twice) and the gummed address label to be certain I missed nothing of interest. ED KOHLER

Chandler, Ariz.

■ A look at history from *The Nation*'s perspective is nearly causing me to salivate. From your editorial: "Overall the magazine has shown a remarkable consistency in its core values… support of civil liberties and human rights, hatred of corruption and abuse of power, commitment to reasoned discussion." Bravo! Keep it up in perpetuity. STEVE MURATORE

Arvada, Colo.

■ Great job! I was enthralled and read the issue cover to cover. I am not that old, so I missed out on much of the century, but reading the excerpts made me feel like I didn't miss a thing. I plan on keeping the issue to pass along to my kids when I have them. OMAR JABARA

New York City

■ As the American daughter of Vladimir Mayakovsky and a longtime *Nation* subscriber, I want you to know how much it meant to me and to my son to find one of my father's poems (a favorite of mine) included in your centennial issue. It was written the year my parents met, described in my book *Mayakovsky in Manhattan: A Love Story* (West End). PATRICIA J. THOMPSON (YELENA VLADIMIROVNA MAYAKOVSKYA)

Rutledge, Pa.

■ Your special issue was magnificent, overwhelming and profoundly depressing. Your excerpts from *The Nation* forcefully brought home the obvious: The more things change, the more they remain the same.

If we no longer have Jim Crow laws and lynchings, we now have the "war on drugs," welfare "reform," the death penalty, massive imprisonment and, as always, grossly unequal education opportunities to keep the minorities down.

Jim Fisk and John D. Rockefeller are gone, but we still have the extremes of wealth and poverty we did in the Gilded Age. If we no longer have "the Senator from Standard Oil" of the 1890s, our politicians are still bought and paid for by the defense, insurance, tobacco, pharmaceutical and finance industries.

Thousands of Americans suffered and died for economic justice in the twentieth century, and yet unions are nearly dead. If we are to have pensions, we must fund our own. Forty-four percent of the homeless have jobs, yet they cannot afford to house themselves.

The technology that made it possible for the past century to be the bloodiest in history will follow us into the next century. E.P. Thompson observed in *The Nation* in 1981 that by all the dictates of history and logic, we are moving inexorably toward nuclear war. Happy New Millennium. JODINE MAYBERRY

Westminster, Md.

■ The shiny cover on the Century issue was simply to protect a creation worth keeping indefinitely, right? Because it's the dull cover that announces that this thin, unadorned magazine is different. It says you're conserving funds in order to remain independent. This issue was outstanding. Now bring back the dull cover.

KATHRYN J. HENDERSON

Tully, N.Y.

■ Eric Foner's fine introduction neglected the twenty-first century's "make or break" issue: eco-justice. His list of questions for the next century did not include any mention of the backdrop to these justice struggles—our earth-nest and its increasing vulnerability to the "grow or die" capitalist market system. BILL GRIFFEN

Bluff City, Kan.

■ In hindsight, *The Nation* appears to have been wrong about virtually everything from 1900 to 1910 except the Philippines. One hopes that what we're reading in your pages today will be seen to be more on the mark when read in 2099. FRANK SMITH

Irving, Calif.

■ C'mon, folks: Of the first 124 events on your Timeline, 109 involve the United States; of the remaining fifteen, all but one (the Turkish massacre of the Armenians) involve either Russia or Western Europe. Is it just possible that some events occurred in Asia, Africa, Latin America or Australia between 1900 and 1923 (maybe the collapse of China's 2,000-year-old monarchy, the breakup of the Ottoman Empire, the Ashio copper mine incident or Gandhi's first *satyagraha*, which, though they involved no Americans, were even more important than Cy Young's perfect game? KENNETH POMERANZ

Berkeley, Calif.

■ Your Timeline says that on June 26, 1991, "Autopsy proves President Zachary Taylor wasn't poisoned in 1850." Michael Parenti's recent book *History as Mystery* concludes that, very likely, Taylor *was* poisoned; most certainly, the autopsy did not prove that he wasn't. RICHARD WIEBE

New York City

■ During a quick survey of your quirky and enjoyable Timeline I discovered two errors: While Frank Lloyd Wright's Johnson Wax administration building was indeed finished in 1939, the research tower part of the complex was built in 1944-47. And the SS St. Louis, which was turned away from the harbor at Havana, sailed close enough to Miami so that passengers reported seeing its lights. The ship never came further north. MANNY KIRCHHEIMER

Brooklyn, N.Y.

■ Your Timeline item dated June 1940 says refugees were "turned away from NY harbor." That lamentable episode occurred in May 1939, some four months before war broke out. But it was in Florida waters, near Miami, after the ship left Havana, where the US-supported Cuban dictatorship reneged on a deal to accept the refugees—after pocketing the money. And contrary to popular misconception, the St. Louis was not an SS but an MS or MV—motorship or motor vehicle—powered by diesels, not steam. WILLIAM B. SAPHIRE

Albany, N.Y.

■ Your Timeline was a hit at our New Year's gathering last century. However: Pope John XXIII did not have a middle name of Paul, and Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* was actually published in 1899. Freud had the publisher date it 1900. He probably knew he belonged to the next century. JEAN HYNES

New York City

■ It would have been prudent and more accurate to simply state: "The Korean civil war breaks

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EDITORIALS

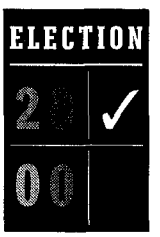
One of the liveliest primary seasons in recent memory has ended with the score Establishment 2, Insurgents 0. The following reports from the field flesh out that stark picture and identify straws of hope for our side.

Where We Started From

The system works. After Super Tuesday, each party has as its putative nominee the fellow embraced by its elites, by its main money people, by its prominent lobbyists and, of course, by its loyal voters, who followed the orders from above and spurned challengers who, in limited fashion, dared their parties to be better. John McCain and Bill Bradley provided more discomfort than expected. But the lesson is not startling: It's damn hard to beat the Man. Even when you're a reformer/war hero who inspires independents. Even when you're a reformer/sports hero defying the number-two to an impeached President.

Now what? Eight months of boring Gore and gushy Bush? McCain, alas, has ruled out switching his crusade to the Reform Party channel (where the reception is awfully fuzzy these days) or campaigning as a PO-ed independent (as did his hero TR in 1912). Too bad. In the Bush-Gore face-off, there will be no strong voice for reform. Both men, in fact, represent the excesses of the institutionally corrupt system. Clinton/Gore in 1996 made pioneering use of the soft-money loophole that renders moot campaign finance regulations by permitting wealthy interests to buy as much influence and access as financially possible. Bush staved off the McCain threat partly because corporate lobbyists helped him raise a record-setting war chest. During his victory speech, Gore plagiarized McCain and donned the cape of a reform superhero. He promised to eschew soft money if Bush did likewise. But every time Gore speaks "from the heart" about reform, the GOPsters will wave pictures of him at the Buddhist temple. It will be a wash.

Where can McCain take his reform message, and what happens to his following of independents? Already, GOP dreamers are yearning for a handshake that paves the way to a Bush/McCain ticket. But McCain, peeved by Bush's tactics (like accusing him of not caring about breast cancer, a disease that afflicts McCain's sister), has said no way. Prior to Super Tuesday, McCain sharpened his assault on Bush's sleazy politics; he decried the $2.5 million independent ad attack aimed at him by a Texas Bush crony. (The ads had a point: McCain has a lousy record on the environment, but Bush is just as bad.) With such campaign finance trickery, McCain shouted, "They can destroy and hijack every campaign." McCain also filed a complaint with the Federal Election Commission. The FEC is notorious for not resolving complaints until elections are over, but it would be interesting if McCain pursues his complaint. As for the independents he roused, most told exit pollsters they were not likely to vote for Bush anyway. Many probably will recede into I-do-not-vote land, awaiting another mad-as-hell candidate as attractive as McCain.



The primaries accomplished a bit more than the expected dual coronations. McCain demonstrated that there is a constituency—if not one in the GOP—for a reform message, at least when it comes from a former POW. He also revived the old, pre-Reagan Republican opposition to supply-side tax cuts. He parted the curtain on the Bush $70 million extravaganza, and anyone paying attention could view the untidy backstage: Pat Robertson, tainted money, questions about Bush's intelligence and uncompassionate ads. By the way, the GOP campaign proved again that negative ads often succeed. Bush, though, was afforded the important opportunity to solidify his support among conservatives, many of whom once harbored suspicions about his supposedly moderate ways.

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EDITORIALS

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The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the second week in January, and biweekly the third week of July through the third week of September) by The Nation Company, L.P. © 2000 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, L.P., 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. (212) 209-5400. Washington Bureau: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149, or call 1-800-333-8536. Subscription Price: 1 year, $52; 2 years, $90. Add $18 for surface mail postage outside U.S. **Please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $4 prepaid ($5 foreign) from: The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149. This issue went to press on March 8. Printed in U.S.A. on recycled paper.

INTERNET: Selections from The Nation are available on Thursday by 12:00 midnight Eastern Time, at www.thenation.com
E-MAIL: info@thenation.com. Letters to the Editor: letters@thenation.com.

On the Democratic side, Bradley, with his ineffective use of progressive notions, nudged Gore a centimeter or two to the left. Had Bradley sat out the race, Gore would still have trotted out the same incrementalist healthcare plan (every Democrat needs a healthcare plan) and the same Medicare drug benefits plan (every candidate wants to appeal to the elderly). But Bradley pressed him on gays in the military, gun control and.... Well, whatever Bradley did, Gore is going to mount the happy-days-are-here-again general election campaign he would have mounted had Bradley not taken a few pokes at him. Perhaps the most concrete result of the primaries was Bob Jones University's partial lifting of its interracial dating ban. Students may now court across racial lines—with parental permission. Not such a bad return on the $200 million or so spent on the election so far.

The primaries did preview some ugliness likely to come. As George Bush returns to peddling his all-smiles version of "compassionate conservatism"—no matter the question, the answer will be "education"—Pat Robertson and other religious-right activists will be toiling hard for him, perhaps under the radar. At the same time, watch for an explosion of so-called independent campaign activity on behalf of Bush, including attack ads, which are financed by secret donors. Gore, too, has started his post-nomination lurch to the muddy middle. He will be droning about education, gun control and prescription drug benefits for the elderly, not universal healthcare. Free of Bradley, he is now free to engage in that postprimary tradition: Neglect your core constituents. After all, he already has bagged Jesse Jackson's endorsement. Shortly before Super Tuesday, Jackson cut a radio ad hailing Gore as a fighter for "economic justice." What did Jackson have in mind? Gore's support for the welfare legislation? His proposal to end affirmative action in government contracting? Or Gore's role in pressuring South Africa to stop practices (opposed by drug manufacturers) that permit its citizens with AIDS to have access to cheaper medication?

It would be stupid to toss out prognostications on the rest of this election year—even if the conventional predictions about the nominations essentially came true—but the odds are that the national debate stirred by a Bush-Gore contest will be neither expansive nor inspiring. Each will try to out-education the other, while Bush babbles about trust and honor and hopes for a stock market dip and/or further hikes in oil prices, and Gore pledges to fight for "you" and hopes Bush's likable-fellow act doesn't catch on. The best of this campaign may be behind us. DAVID CORN

California Bad Dreams

Los Angeles

It hadn't been since 1972 that the California primary played a decisive role in a presidential race. That changed this time around. After leapfrogging ahead from its traditional June spot to early March, the California primary vote sent the final torpedo into Republican John McCain's presidential campaign. McCain's message seemed to get lost in this huge state with eleven major media markets; likewise that of Democratic challenger Bill Bradley, whose campaign hit California dead on arrival.

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EDITORIALS

In the end, there seemed to be little buzz around the presidential vote here, with both parties' favored candidates coasting to victory while a quirky menu of ballot propositions generated a lot more heat. Those results weren't pretty. More than McCain or Bradley, the big loser here was any notion of political or social reform—thanks in part to the clout of Democratic Governor Gray Davis, whose fingerprints were all over the balloting.

State prisons, the new fruit of California's Central Valley, are now slated for bumper-crop growth, thanks to overwhelming voter approval of Proposition 21—the Juvenile Justice Initiative. This draconian proposition, which will make it easier to prosecute 14-year-olds as adults, was originally cooked up by conservative former governor Pete Wilson. Even some top LAPD brass came out in opposition—but not Davis. The recipient of lavish campaign contributions from the state prison guards' union (which helped underwrite the state's recent Democratic convention), Davis gave a ringing endorsement to the measure.

A second convention underwriter and major funding source for the Davis Democrats, the Indian gambling lobby, also came out a winner. Passed by a wide margin was the ill-named Indian Self-Reliance Initiative, Prop 1A, which permits further expansion of Nevada-style casinos on California Indian lands. These gambling centers have greatly enriched some (often very small) tribes and converted them into major political players.

But where the Governor played his most crucial role was in his aggressive leadership in defeating Proposition 25, the only campaign-finance-reform proposal on the ballot. Created by Republican maverick Ron Unz, the measure drew together an oddfellow coalition of supporters ranging from State Senator Tom Hayden to Ralph Nader to former Democratic pollster Pat Caddell. Warren Beatty came on-board late in the game, bringing with him legendary liberal funder Max Palevsky, who contributed and raised almost $1.4 million for the proposition in the final week. But as soon as Palevsky put up his funding, the California Democratic Party dumped a cool half-million into defeating the measure, with Governor Davis becoming the chief anti-reform fundraiser. The Republican Party also opposed Prop 25 but provided only a shadow of the effort and money drummed up by the Governor.

The zeal invested by Davis in defeating campaign finance reform was notably absent in the fight around the most controversial ballot measure—Prop 22, the anti–gay marriage initiative. Davis opposed it, but scant Democratic resources were marshaled against the measure, and it passed with a huge majority. Also suffering defeat was Prop 26, which would have palliated some of the worst aspects of the funding system for California's public schools by making passage of school bonds possible with only a simple, rather than a super, majority. In the same vein, the insurance industry won a pricey ballot fight to repeal recent legislation that made it easier for consumers to sue when short-changed by coverage. The only good news coming out of the ballot proposition battles was approval of new bonds for parks and libraries and the resounding defeat of a proposal to lift a 50-cent-a-pack tax on tobacco—a tax fathered by actor/director/activist Rob Reiner.

The pattern emerging from the Left Coast primary is clear: Following the 1998 end of eight years of conservative Republican rule, California has become a veritable one-party state, with the Democrats in charge not only of government but also of the political agenda. Exit polls showed Californians already leaning heavily toward Gore and the Democrats for the November election. Unfortunately, the state Democratic establishment is revealing itself to be perhaps the most anti-reform of all major state parties. The Wilson era of divisive social politics may be dying, but it's been replaced by government by special interests. MARC COOPER

CALVIN TRILLIN

A ROBERTSON REPUBLICAN

(A Gilbert and Sullivan Solo for George W. Bush)

Though folks in Texas are diverse, I knew I could
unite them all.
Endorsements came from blacks and girls; I'd
happily recite them all.
I've sympathy for everyone (I bleed a lot for
Texaco).
I really can't be prejudiced: My sister-in-law's
from Mexico.
Though I was real compassionate—at least that
is the tale we spun—
I am, when all is said and done, a Robertson
Republican.

Chorus:
He is, when all is said and done, a Robertson
Republican.

I needed Pat to smear McCain as baby-killer
and profane,
Or smite him with a hurricane, so I could win
this one campaign.
And Falwell, too, was fine, I felt. So I, to smash
my rival, dealt
With guys who really raise a welt with cheap
shots from the Bible Belt.
I am a onetime lap dog's son, so it may not strike
anyone
As odd that I'm content to run as one who's to
the left of none—a Robertson Republican.

Chorus:
He is a onetime lap dog's son, so it may not
strike anyone
As odd that he's content to run as one who's to
the left of none—a Robertson Republican.

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EDITORIALS

Labor's Muscle

It's been almost a hundred years since American Federation of Labor president Sam Gompers declared that "we will stand by our friends and administer a stinging rebuke to men or parties who are either indifferent, negligent or hostile." Such a rebuke can still sting. Just ask Congressman Marty Martinez, a nine-term California Democrat whose career was distinguished by close ties to the Clinton Administration and a willingness to cut DC deals that didn't necessarily favor the economic interests of his constituents in the working-class suburbs east of Los Angeles. When Martinez switched his position to support the fast-track free-trade bill in return for a promise from Clinton to approve a freeway extension, the Los Angeles County Federation of Labor had had enough. "We're sick and tired of Democrats who come in and tell us they want our endorsement and then go off to Sacramento or Washington and vote against the interests of our members," said Miguel Contreras, the fiery leader of the fastest-growing labor council in the country.

Labor found the perfect primary challenger to Martinez in State Senator Hilda Solis, a woman with deep family roots in the labor movement and a penchant for showing up on picket lines before being asked. "She's a warrior for workers," says Contreras. And workers became warriors for her. When House minority leader Richard Gephardt asked Solis to leave the race, union leaders assured her they would stand by her, raising more than $100,000 and putting more than 250 union members on the street on Election Day to pull votes. The results were stunning: Solis defeated Martinez on March 7 by a lopsided 63-to-28 vote. At the El Monte dance club where union members and community activists chanted her name and slogans from the United Farm Workers struggle, Solis declared, "We can move forward now!"

Unions helped score a number of victories for progressives in California, one of three states that held Congressional and local primaries. In a Long Beach Democratic Congressional primary, Gerrie Schipske, a nurse-practitioner who has been a leading healthcare reform advocate, pulled an upset over Erin Gruwell, who had been recruited by national Democratic leaders. Gruwell, a 30-year-old whose success in teaching inner-city youth has made her something of a phenomenon on TV talk shows, was described by the *LA Weekly* as someone "with very decent instincts that she doesn't seem, however, to have fully sorted through." Union backing also contributed to the overwhelming victory of Los Angeles City Council member Jackie Goldberg, a leader in the fight for a living-wage law, in a hard-fought State Assembly race. In the Santa Monica area, State Representative Sheila James Kuehl, a lawyer and the first openly lesbian member of the lower house (as well as Zelda from the *Dobie Gillis* show), won a tough State Senate primary.

Elsewhere, Terry Lierman, a former US Senate staffer, parlayed union backing and a rare endorsement from Ted Kennedy into an easy Democratic primary win in Maryland. He will face moderate Republican Congresswoman Constance Morella. But the help of labor was not always enough: In Ohio, maverick Democratic Congressman Jim Traficant beat a labor-backed primary challenge from State Senator Bob Hagan. Also disappointing was the defeat of the Rev. Marvin McMickle, a Cleveland-area pastor, in the Democratic US Senate primary.

While labor's new political face may be most visible in California, LA's Contreras says he'll work to make the Solis challenge a national model. "We need to make our endorsement mean something," he says. "When you're backed by labor, that should mean you're going to fight for workers." JOHN NICHOLS

John Nichols, who writes "The Beat" for The Nation, *is editorial page editor of the* Capital Times *in Madison, Wisconsin.*

THE YEARS WITH WYPIJEWSKI

For almost twenty years, JoAnn Wypijewski has worked for this magazine, starting out as an intern and progressing through assistant copy editor, copy chief, managing editor and senior editor. During that time her contribution has been that intangible something that cannot be measured in the machine dreams of cost accountants—the human qualities of personality, dedication, brains, devotion. As copy chief, she used to litter a manuscript with sharp queries that had careless writers and editors mumbling to themselves. She was next heard from as an editor, pruning and shaping many a writer's or columnist's wayward prose into crisp lucidity. Add to this testimonial that she had an infectious laugh, a wide grin, a wardrobe that creatively merged thrift shop funk with high fashion glitz. Beyond that, she worked long hours, was a fierce political advocate, a righteous shop steward. Now she's leaving us to exercise her third or fifth or whatever talent by becoming a full-time writer. Some of the results will, fortunately, appear here. Luck, JoAnn.

The Stealth Candidate

On the morning after, people awoke to the drear prospect of "gush and bore" for the next six months, and excitement flew out the window. No reason to despair—we can refocus mental energies on another, more significant campaign running in the shadows of the presidential colors. The shadow candidate in Election 2000 is Alan Greenspan, and his single-issue purpose is to subdue the country's booming prosperity, just when people of modest means are getting a taste. He intends to put the super bull market to sleep, to increase unemployment and force default upon many humble debtors, maybe some big ones too. All this for our own good, we will be assured. Greenspan is promising to raise interest rates, again and again if necessary, to brake economic growth until it slows substantially, perhaps by half or more. His public rationale is a pre-emptory strike against inflation (although prices remain remarkably stable despite the boom). His true worry is the wildly inflated bubble in the stock market, which he pre-

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sumes will subside gently as he slows the economy and corporate profits decline. But this campaign puts all of us at risk: If Greenspan has it wrong, Wall Street could crash or the country might tip into a nasty election-year recession. Can he do that? Yes, because the chairman of the Federal Reserve is not elected and does not consult the citizenry or even honestly inform them about his objectives. Americans who pay attention during the next few months are going to get a brusque civics lesson. They will glimpse the shallowness of our electoral democracy, the impotence of presidential candidates compared with this mysterious, unaccountable institution that governs the nation on behalf of money.

Imagine, now that the primaries have lost their suspense, if the media decided to turn the glaring coverage on Greenspan's campaign. TV crews could follow him around, shouting rude questions: How do you feel about all those people losing their jobs? When are you going to stop this bloody war against nonexistent inflation? Chatter shows on cable TV could recruit nightly panels of provocative voices—labor union economists, car dealers, failed stockbrokers—to provide hot commentary. Political reporters, who, as usual, would be bored by "the issues," might discover there's a gossipy horse-race drama. Is Alan Greenspan trying to make amends to the Bush family? Back in 1992, the chairman's tightfisted management produced the stagnation that helped defeat Bush Sr. (the one-term President went home to Texas convinced he would have beaten Bill Clinton if not for Greenspan). This year, the Fed Chairman has a good shot at electing the son.

Democrats will be howling soon, as they grasp the implications for Al Gore, but accusations of partisan bias at the Fed are unfair and mostly wrong. The central bank is so aloof from democracy that its power has crumpled presidential candidates from both parties over the years (Richard Nixon in 1960, Jimmy Carter in 1980). The major exception is 1972, when Chairman Arthur Burns pumped up the economy vigorously to boost his old friend Nixon's re-election. This year, Greenspan intends, at a minimum, to take the glow off Gore's best feel-good issue—the economy, the stock market. If the Fed overshoots and induces an abrupt recession, Gore's candidacy could encounter the tart flavor of poetic justice. From the beginning, Clinton/Gore have silently, slavishly deferred to Greenspan's conservative wisdom. Now he is rewarding their obedience.

The press, of course, is utterly deferential to the Federal Reserve and much too timid to provide the kind of robust coverage a real democracy would expect. But so are most politicians. Both groups understand, viscerally if not intellectually, that monetary policy is the taboo subject of US politics, protected by mystification but also by its awesome power and political relationships. The Fed obfuscates and intimidates behind a mask of disinterested technocratic expertise, while powerful constituencies (banking and finance, the wealth-holders) police the boundaries of respectable thought. This is a very masculine institution (no bleeding hearts allowed), and the Chairman plays the role of wise, stern father who must occasionally punish the children for misbehavior. This odd governing arrangement, quite literally, infantilizes citizens and repudiates the ethos of self-government.

The economic spectacle we are about to witness is what Thorstein Veblen called "the slaughter of the innocents." The tides of capitalism, he observed, require periodically a ritual of purposeful destruction, clearing away debris and excess from the system. This process is inescapably barbaric, Veblen explained, since it always imposes the loss and suffering first and most severely on the least among us. If Greenspan succeeds in achieving a "soft landing," most of us will not feel much pain, except maybe a deflated sense of personal wealth, but many others will be sacrificially unemployed or worse. If Greenspan inadvertently triggers a larger wave of climactic destruction, then many more of us will experience the harsh therapy by which capitalism cleanses itself.

Shouldn't Americans be talking about this? At the next candidates' forum, why not ask Gore or Bush to explain his own powerlessness?

WILLIAM GREIDER

William Greider, national affairs correspondent, is the author of Secrets of the Temple: How the Federal Reserve Runs the Country *(Touchstone).*

In Fact...

PINOCHET'S DANCE

Mark Cooper writes: Former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet seems to have undergone a miraculous recovery. The British government, citing the general's supposed incapacity, bundled him off for home. But as soon as Pinochet took a breath of crisp Chilean air, he bounded from his wheelchair and, in the exasperated words of the British press, damn near danced a jig. "I feel this was a trick. I think really there was a secret agreement between the governments of England, Spain and Chile," said Isabel Allende, daughter of the slain president. Thousands of Chileans took to the streets to demand Pinochet's immediate prosecution. Chilean Judge Juan Guzmán Tapia, who is hearing seventy-two murder cases against the former dictator, expedited a request that Senator for Life Pinochet's parliamentary immunity be lifted and said he intended to subject him to a new battery of medical and mental tests. Chile's new president, Ricardo Lagos, should make Pinochet's prosecution a top priority. The United States, which released thousands of classified documents about him, must fill in gaping holes in the puzzle of what the CIA knew. Meanwhile, the newly established Pinochet Precedent in international law—that prosecution of crimes against humanity can take place anywhere—still stands.

ROBIN HOOD IN REVERSE

The program that replaced welfare as we knew it four years ago—Temporary Assistance for Needy Families (TANF)—is the subject of a scathing new report from the Washington, DC–based National Campaign for Jobs and Income. Among the report's findings: States have allowed $7 billion in TANF money to go unspent even as poverty rates remain high and the poorest families fall further behind [see Karen Houppert, "You're Not Entitled!" Oct. 25, 1999]. Under the 1996 welfare law, states have broad discretion to design and implement antipoverty programs. Yet there is little creative experimentation going on, according to the report. Instead, most states are holding on to the TANF money—and some are diverting it to pay for tax cuts and other programs that don't benefit the poor. Welfare reform shouldn't become a politicians' windfall.

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THE NATION INDICATORS / DOUG HENWOOD

Kids Today

Americans love to talk about how much we cherish kids, even if we don't put pictures of missing ones on milk cartons the way we did in the 1980s. But how are our kids actually doing, relative to our own history and to those in other lands? Not quite as well as our professions of concern might suggest.

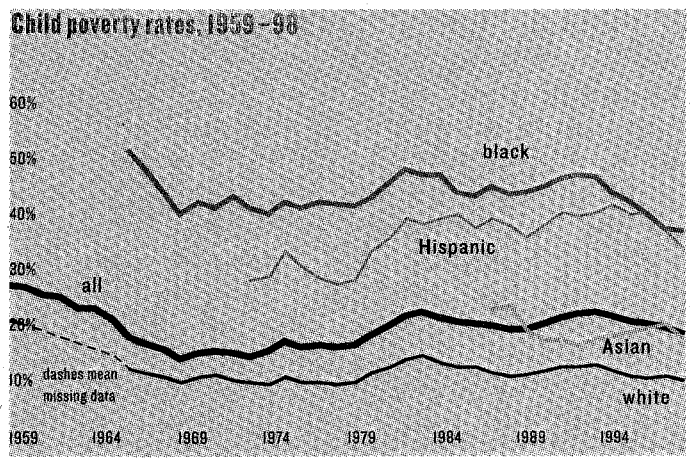
Questions or suggestions? dhenwood@panix.com.

Poverty

THOUGH WE'RE SUPPOSEDLY enjoying the longest economic boom in US history, nearly one in five (18.3 percent) US children lived in officially defined poverty in 1998, just a bit lower than in 1989 and a bit higher than 1979, two previous fat points in the economic cycle. The long-term flatness of the poverty line, shown in the first chart, is stunning given the doubling of inflation-adjusted GDP since 1975; clearly not everyone is enjoying the results of the strong economy.

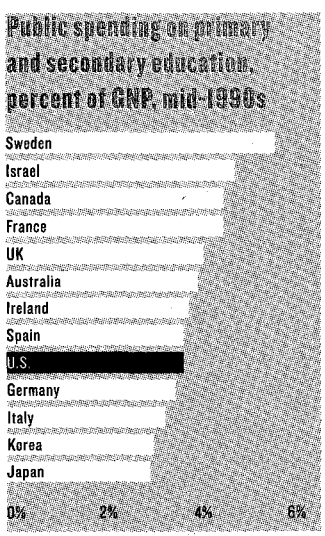
US economic performance is hailed as the envy of the world, but we lag badly when it comes to our performance on child poverty. The second chart shows child poverty rates for thirteen countries as of the early-to-mid-nineties, with a poor family defined as one with an income of less than half the national average (the figures come from the Luxembourg Income Study, an international collaborative effort begun by academic and government researchers in 1983 to provide internationally comparable statistics). High US poverty rates (not just for children)—insofar as they're acknowledged, which is rare—are often attributed to the prevalence of single-mother households. Yes, single-mother households are poorer than other kinds, but as the third chart shows, single-mother households are much worse off in the United States than just about anywhere else, thanks mainly to our feeble welfare state.

Source: US figures, US Census Bureau (www.census.gov/hhes/www/poverty.html); international comparisons, Bruce Bradbury and Markus Jantti, Luxembourg Income Study working paper No. 205 (ftp://lissy.ceps.lu/205.pdf).



Education

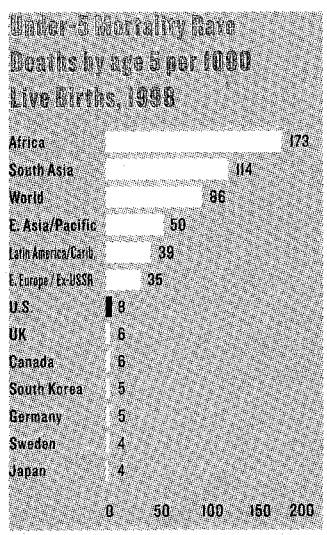
EVERYONE loves to talk about education, especially basic skills, but how much money does the United States put where the mouths are? Not as much as in many other countries. Source: UN Development Programme (www.undp.org/hdro/Backmatter2.pdf).



Mortality

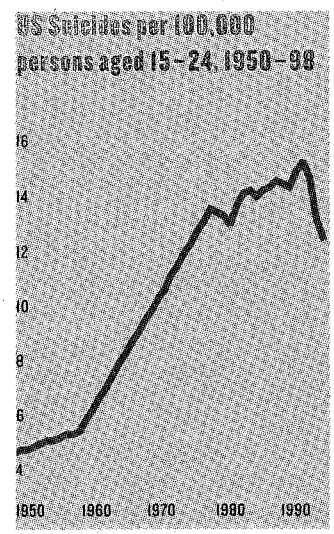
AMERICAN children are more likely to make it past age 5 than those born in poor countries (although mortality rates in some minority communities approach Third World levels).

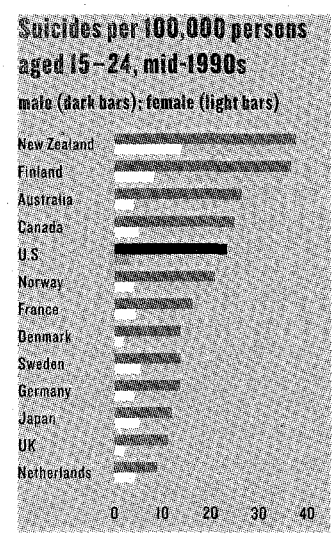
Source: UNICEF (www.unicef.org/sowc00/stat3.htm).



AND HOW do American children handle the stressful transition from childhood to young adulthood? By the measure of youth suicide, it's gotten a lot tougher in the past half-century, though there's been a marked improvement over the past few years. US figures are quite high by international standards, though not at the top of the charts.

Source: US, National Center for Health Statistics (ftp.cdc.gov/pub/health_statistics/nchs/publications/health_us/hus99/excel/table047.xls); international, World Health Organization data, provided by the New Zealand Health Information Service.





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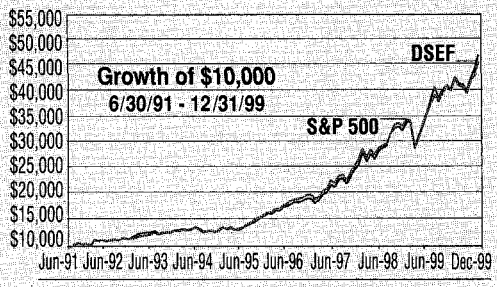

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Although the Fund is no-load, certain fees and expenses apply to a continued investment. DSIL Investment Services LLC, Distributor. 01/00

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Cops and Dogs

In California, as in most states, any election aftermath involves a wan hunt for silver linings. As always, it's hard to find them. Gays will have to book flights to Vermont and take up residence there, in the hopes of someday securing legal sanction for their unions. Prop 21, which I wrote about two weeks ago, thundered through, set to criminalize future generations of errant teenagers. In tune with this freshet of Nazi laws, Governor Gray Davis has displayed his profound understanding of the separation of powers by announcing that "in interpreting the law I expect that [judges will] keep faith with the representations I made to the electorate."

The only silver lining I can find on the public menu to alleviate such horrors is the police scandal in Los Angeles, in which cops in the Rampart division have been caught in serious criminal conspiracies, including murder. Copdom is at last being afflicted by some awful PR, the Diallo acquittals in New York notwithstanding. It's all come not a moment too soon. I'd resigned myself to an endless flow of stories through the next decade about how the ineffable triumph of "broken windows" theories of policing, plus "three strikes" savagery in sentencing, had routed crime in America. In fact, there's no convincing correlation between policing strategies and crime rates. Virtually the only link that holds up over the decades is the one between crime and unemployment. The more of the latter, the more of the former.

Last year we saw copdom taking it on the chin over the torture of Abner Louima in New York and the "driving while black" outrages. This year it's been the Rampart scandal, which traces its specific origin to campaign pledges by Los Angeles Mayor Richard Riordan to hire more police. The cops who killed Diallo were similarly the consequence of a promised beef-up of the police force by Mayor Rudy Giuliani. In Los Angeles the raw recruits were rushed into their blue uniforms and then into the streets, where a significant number of them lost no time in deciding that the skills required in police work involved the ability to lie, steal and murder those who displeased them. Los Angeles already faces lawsuit payments totaling $125 million on the first ninety-nine cases brought in connection with the Rampart division. Mayor Riordan's bright idea is to meet this bill and its successors by issuing bonds against the city's expected windfall of $300 million in tobacco-settlement money, originally earmarked for healthcare.

One of copdom's prime glorifiers down the years has been the former LAPD officer and writer Joseph Wambaugh, who used the March 8 Op-Ed page of the *Los Angeles Times* to announce that the Rampart scandal is being overblown and that the scandal is confined "to the outrageous conduct of a few bad cops out of a force of 9,000 good ones." The somewhat unfortunate parallel Wambaugh used to buttress this thesis was that of the My Lai massacre. Despite allegations that My Lai was but "the tip of the iceberg," Wambaugh writes, "there were no other massacres. My Lai was an aberration never seen again during all the years of that terrible war." This is balderdash, but Wambaugh shows that he remembers accurately the PR triumph of My Lai, which is that careful news management by the Pentagon insured that the true story of the massacres, of which My Lai was but one, never emerged. Wambaugh harshly denounces LAPD chief Bernard Parks for insufficient skill in massaging the press into accepting the comfortable theory about the Rampart scandal that "this terrible event is not the tip of an iceberg. This *is* the iceberg."

Any opportunity to erode the Wambaugh-type sanctimonious puffery of copdom should be welcomed. More than one *Nation* reader responded with favorable comment on my recent column about the swelling absurdity of the "fallen hero" police funerals, designed to impress upon the public the dangers of police work (vastly exaggerated). Mark Didrickson, a lawyer in Vancouver, Washington, chides me for omitting mention of "the most extreme example of police funereal excess," which was the obsequies for a police dog killed while on duty in the Portland area.

My colleague Sumana Raychaudhuri sent me press clips of similar extravagant rites. Typical was what the New York *Daily News* described as a "hero's funeral" in 1998 in New Jersey involving Solo, a police dog. Solo was buried in a four-foot-long white casket decked with the US flag that was flying over the Washington, DC, Capitol the day he was shot while attempting to subdue a former Black Liberation Army member, Donald Bunting. (No difficulty in decoding the function of this ceremony, with cops and dogs united in the Great Chain of Being, against Evil.) Atop Old Glory on Solo's casket were a string of dog biscuits and a wreath of flowers in the shape of Solo's face, painted brown. Other K-9 officers approached the coffin, ordering their dogs to sit while bagpipes and drums played "Amazing Grace." "What a beautiful thing it was for this animal to give up his life for us," proclaimed the Rev. Peter Cooke, chaplain of the state's Police Chiefs Association. "This creature of God gave up his life as a matter of love." Solo came from Germany, and at first understood commands only if issued in the German tongue. I write as a dog lover, but this was kitsch raised to the level of the sublime.

There are plenty of cop-shoots-dog stories too. In raids the cops often lose no time in blazing away at Fido. In fact, copdom has taken another hit in the Bay Area for just such a fusillade. Alone at home on March 2, 11-year-old Max Castro called the cops when he thought he heard an intruder. Two cops came and encountered Sidney, an Old English sheepdog, and Nicco, an Akita–German shepherd mix. Sidney tried to protect Max by biting Officer Jennifer Dorantes, at which point her partner, rookie cop Julian Ng, hauled out his gun and fired. The bullet missed Sidney but passed through Max's knee and grazed Dorantes. Now Sidney and Nicco face the death penalty, due process in this instance being a hearing later this month into whether they were a "threat." The cops say Nicco might have lunged, and that's why he's up for lethal injection as a co-conspirator. All we need is George W. Bush at the execution to bring this year's dreary presidential campaign alive. ■

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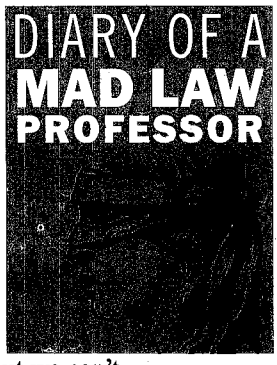
PATRICIA J. WILLIAMS

Ask Dr. Mad Law



Section 10-131, subparagraph (g)1, of the administrative code of the City of New York provides that: "It shall be unlawful for any person to sell or offer for sale, possess or use or attempt to use or give away, any toy or imitation firearm which substantially duplicates or can reasonably be perceived to be an actual firearm...."

DEAR DR. MAD LAW:

My little girl was invited to a cowboy theme birthday party. She wanted to go as Annie Oakley, but we can't find a single store in New York that sells toy guns. What gives?

CONCERNED MOTHER

DEAR CONCERNED:

There is a ban on the sale and distribution of toy guns in New York City. This measure was enacted after police accidentally shot and killed a child who was brandishing a toy pistol. There is no such ban on real guns, however. Perhaps you could lend her one of your own. Have fun at the party.

DEAR DR. MAD LAW:

My father's birthday is coming up and I wanted to buy him a nice hand-tooled Italian leather wallet. But I can't find a single store in New York that sells wallets. What gives?

CURIOUS SON

DEAR CURIOUS:

There is a ban on the sale and distribution of hand-tooled Italian leather wallets in New York City. This measure was enacted after police accidentally shot and killed a man who was brandishing just such a wallet in a wild and erratic manner. How about a nice silk tie?

DEAR DR. MAD LAW:

My wedding anniversary is next week, and I wanted to buy my wife a Three Musketeers candy bar, which is what I bought her on our first date. But I can't find a single store in New York that sells candy bars. What gives? DESPERATE HUBBY

DEAR DESPERATE:

There is a ban on the sale and distribution of candy bars in New York City. This measure was enacted after a police officer accidentally shot and wounded a teenager who was brandishing a Three Musketeers candy bar in a very threatening manner. There is one gray area of the law that you might explore: Ben and Jerry's Chunky Monkey, in which disassembled candy bar pieces sneak into the city disguised as ice cream.

DEAR DR. MAD LAW:

I am a 19-year-old suspect profile pursuing simultaneous doctorates in astrophysics, economics and brain surgery at Columbia University. I can't find a single person in New York who believes I am innocent. What gives? TROUBLED MIND

DEAR TROUBLED:

There is a ban on innocent suspect profiles in New York City. This measure was enacted after police accidentally shot several dozen innocent suspect profiles who were brandishing their bodies in suspiciously expressive and unpredictable ways. As you can surely understand, it becomes very confusing for law enforcement when they have to make on-the-spot judgments balancing the presumption of innocence, one of our most sacred jurisprudential ideals, against the kinds of decisive action necessary to protect us all from high crime statistics. You will be pleased to know that since the enactment of this ban, the police have shot only guilty suspect profiles whose résumés provided ample probable cause for prolonged gunfire.

Have you considered moving to New Jersey? I hear that there are quite a few innocent suspect profiles who commute.

DEAR DR. MAD LAW:

While on vacation in Jamaica, I sent a postcard to my sister, who lives in New York City. When she got it, the card was in little pieces and wrapped in a plastic bag with a note of apology from the post office. My sister says it's because the post office unfairly singles out Jamaican postcards; next thing you know they're in a plastic bag. Can this be true? What gives? BEWILDERED SISTER

DEAR BEWILDERED:

There is a ban on the sale and distribution of all postcards, regardless of ethnic or national origin, in New York City. This measure was enacted after a recent flood of angry postcards nearly buried City Hall and threatened to sweep the occupants from their various offices. Better safe than sorry.

Furthermore, I was able to confirm that the postal workers who encountered your particular postcard acted reasonably under the circumstances. What your letter fails to mention is that your card pictured a suspiciously beady-eyed, gaudily outfitted tropical parrot whose talons were clenched around a large gun-shaped branch. Understandably, the postal police, whose jobs are very stressful, feared for their lives and drew their weapons. But despite repeated volleys, the parrot's fierce raptor talons remained clenched, leading frightened law officers to reasonably conclude that the parrot was wearing bulletproof bootlets. They continued shooting in self-defense until they were sure that they had made a tragic mistake. As you must know, Jamaican parrots have often appeared on *When Good Pets Go Bad*, and your shifty little bird bore a strong resemblance to them all. I'd say those fine public servants were just doing their job.

* * *

PERSONALS

Hardworking, professional 25-year-old suspect profile seeking SWM, 35 plus, for chaperoning, good times, credibility and more. Looking for serious, long-term witness relationship only, please. Do you love fine cars, late-night strolls, running in the park? Could you be that special one to spare my life? ■

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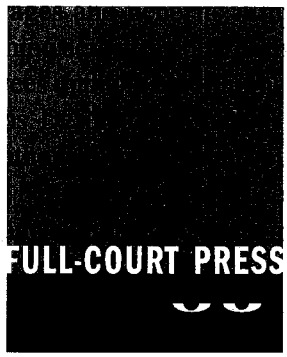
ERIC ALTERMAN

Where's the Rest of Him?



Both Republican candidates battled to claim the mantle of the Gipper. John McCain calls himself "a true Reagan Republican." George W. Bush retorts, "It is not Reaganesque to say one thing and do another." The pundits keep score but, once again, miss the point. If McCain wants to enjoy another episode of his now-famous penchant for public self-flagellation, that's his business. But Bush's exercise in unctuous untruth appears to be accepted at face value. It's as if Reagan, now diagnosed with Alzheimer's, has given the rest of us amnesia.

For Ronald Reagan was many things, but most undeniably he was a pathological liar. True, he also gave every impression of being an unbelievable moron (which is why *Saturday Night Live* could once parody his pathetic excuses for the Iran/*contra* scandal with a skit that depicted Reagan as—get this!—brilliant and competent). His worshipful, if fanciful, biographer Edmund Morris even calls him an "apparent airhead." The President's famous cluelessness was so obvious during his years in office that his defenders would attempt to deploy it as a defense of his actions, as if he were a small child or a beloved but retarded uncle. The President tended to "build these little worlds and live in them," noted a senior adviser. "He makes things up and believes them," explained one of his kids.

Recall that ol' Dutch frequently made arguments about history based on movies he half-recalled. He thought he'd liberated concentration camps. He invented what he called "a verbal message" from the Pope in support of his Central America policies, news to everyone in Vatican City. In 1985, Reagan one day announced that the vicious apartheid regime of P.W. Botha had already "eliminated the segregation that we once had in our own country."

Not only did Reagan make things up, he also forgot some things that most of us consider pretty important. Morris, for instance, lets us in on the astonishing fact that the President not only did not know his own Secretary of Housing and Urban Development—no big whoop, as the guy was, after all, black—but that Mr. Family Values also failed to recognize his own son (*his own son!*) while attending his graduation. If any of us had a parent given to such behavior, we might feel compelled to look into some sort of institutionalized care, if only for his own protection.

But another, more significant, little-mentioned tendency of the ex-President was his fondness for genocidal murderers. I do not use the term "genocide" lightly.

Take Guatemala. That nation's official Historical Clarification Commission charged its own government with a campaign of "genocide" in murdering roughly 200,000 people, mainly Mayan Indians, during its dictatorial reign of terror. The commission's nine-volume 1999 report singled out the US role in aiding this "criminal counterinsurgency." The violence in Guatemala reached a gruesome climax in the early eighties under the dictatorship of the born-again evangelical, Gen. Efraín Ríos Montt. Nine hundred thousand people were forcibly relocated and entire villages leveled. As army helicopters strafed a caravan of 40,000 unarmed refugees seeking to escape to Mexico, Reagan chose that moment to congratulate Ríos Montt for his dedication to democracy, adding that he had been getting "a bum rap" from liberals in Congress and the media. His Administration soon provided as much aid to the killers as Congress would allow.

Reagan showed a similar indulgence toward the terrorists in El Salvador. The President and his equally immoral advisers consistently behaved as if they were hired public relations agents for the murderers of children, nuns, priests and peasants. Not long after these killings reached the amazing level of more than 200 per week—in a country with just 5.5 million people—Reagan mused aloud that they were not the work of "so-called murder squads" on the right, but of "guerrilla forces" who think they "can get away with these violent acts, helping to try and bring down the government, and the right wing will be blamed for it." In fact, only days later, Vice President Bush flew to San Salvador to insist that "every murderous act" committed by "right-wing fanatics…poisons the well of friendship between our two countries," and that "death squad murders" could cost the killers "the support of the American people." Didn't Reagan know what Bush knew? Does anyone care? After the war, the Catholic archdiocese in San Salvador documented the number of killings on each side. The tally: military and government-assisted death squads, 41,048; left-wing guerrillas, 776. Reagan was off by almost 5,500 percent. Liar or moron? You tell me.

Historians are starting to provide a useful corrective, perhaps in anticipation of an orgy of dishonest eulogies like those for Richard Nixon in 1994, while pundits casually credit Reagan with inspiring Moscow's capitulation in the cold war, via his obsession with Star Wars. But as Frances FitzGerald demonstrates in her new book, *Way Out There in the Blue: Reagan and Star Wars and the End of the Cold War*, the historical record does not even remotely support this wishfully ignorant thesis. Similarly, in Matthew Evangelista's new work, *Unarmed Forces*, we discover the key role played by transnational forces in convincing Gorbachev & Co. to shut down the arms race in spite—not because—of the belligerence emanating from Reagan and his men.

Public Affairs is about to reissue an updated edition of Reagan expert Lou Cannon's comprehensive biography, *President Reagan: The Role of a Lifetime*. Cannon ignores Guatemala and bends over backward to be generous to his subject's odd belief structure. But as Herbert Mitgang observed of the 1990 edition, simply "by being eminently fair," the book proved "a devastating account of Ronald Reagan's presidency."

Despite Cannon's solid historical reconstruction and Edmund Morris's nutty nonfiction novel, the key question about Reagan remains not only unanswered but unasked. It is just this: How did this childlike fantasist and friend of genocide convince a nation of reasonably intelligent, God-fearing and generally decent citizens to avert its eyes from the heart of darkness that beat beneath Ronald Reagan's congenial smile? ■

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WORKS

Temps Demand a New Deal

by CHRISTOPHER D. COOK

With this issue, we resume our 'What Works' series, which explores effective projects and strategies for improving people's lives through progressive social change. —The Editors

contingent 1 liable to occur but not certain; possible **2** conditional **3** accidental

Amid Silicon Valley's torrid dot-com boom, stories abound of peach-fuzzed college graduates pulling down six-figure salaries and, in short order, securing their American dream. For them there is no shortage of opportunity—for new business ventures, luxury cars and seven-figure homes. Yet beneath this gilded veneer a class war is brewing. The Valley's legions of temps dream of getting full-time jobs and keeping homelessness at bay in a place where the median home price has soared to $365,000 and a standard two-bedroom apartment rents for $1,500 a month.

For veteran Silicon Valley temp workers like Julian Cornejo, the stark disparities drive home the point that temps—long underpaid, underemployed and "disposable"—must band together to improve conditions and restrict the ability of employers to exploit their labor. Cornejo's experience illustrates the precariousness of the contingent life. A mechanical designer with thirty years' experience, he has been stuck on the temp-work treadmill, with no benefits or job security, for fifteen years. After suffering a shoulder injury while temping at a Palo Alto semiconductor firm in 1998, Cornejo spent nearly a year fighting his temp agency for workers' compensation, leaving him broke and in debt. His wife and kids moved out to escape the financial and emotional stress. Then, his bills mounting and paychecks dwindling, Cornejo lost his apartment. He has been staying in a homeless shelter for months. Cornejo applied for a community college course on computer-aided design, which could give him the skills to escape temping—but there's a one-year waiting list because the school doesn't have enough full-time faculty.

Fed up with the powerlessness and isolation, in February of last year Cornejo went looking for a temp labor union. What he found, thanks to a story in a local newspaper, was a unique temp workers' association called Working Partnerships USA. Launched by San Jose's South Bay AFL-CIO Labor Council in 1995, Working Partnerships runs a nonprofit temp firm and offers health insurance for temps. Emphasizing membership services, it occupies one end of a spectrum of new organizations for contingent workers, rising up both within and outside unions, that are giving voice and structure to a growing chorus of temp-worker frustrations. As Eileen Wodjula, a Working Partnerships member and Silicon Valley temp for several years, puts it, "We have to start all over again, with a new workers' movement."

The explosion of temping and the shifting of employment relationships away from traditional jobs poses what may be organized labor's greatest challenge and opportunity since World War II: organizing the swelling ranks of temps, day laborers, contract and leased workers whose perpetual job insecurity forms the porous foundation of today's supposedly stellar economy. A handful of unions and dozens of advocacy groups are experimenting with a tactically and politically diverse range of approaches. Some are organizing temps directly into existing unions; in LA 74,000 homecare workers classified as independent contractors joined the Service Employees International Union (SEIU) in February 1999, after pressuring the county to set up a public agency to act as their employer in collective bargaining. Other unions and community groups are creating nonprofit temp agencies and *Consumer Reports*–style codes of conduct designed, in the spirit of constructive engagement, to coax the temp industry into undertaking voluntary reforms. The Chicago Coalition for the Homeless is helping temps and day laborers, many of whom live in city shelters, to form workers' centers and co-ops to negotiate better wages and conditions. And a New York City–based nonprofit called Working Today focuses on harnessing affordable and portable healthcare and other benefits for New York's self-employed and

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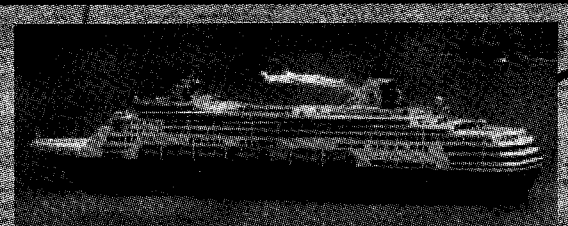

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other independent contractors, while advocating policy reforms for its 93,000 members nationwide.

Spearheading the movement is a thirty-five-group umbrella coalition called the National Alliance For Fair Employment, which promotes a deliberately flexible range of solutions. "We see the need for a multipronged strategy because with the rise of temping and a real restructuring of the labor market, there is absolutely no one fix," explains Tim Costello, director of the Boston-based Campaign on Contingent Work, an alliance member group. With a national "rollout" this spring, the alliance, which includes worker justice groups from twenty states and Washington, DC, hopes to create a national presence to bolster contingent organizing and legislative campaigns. With input from the AFL-CIO and other labor groups, the alliance is creating a network and political profile for initiatives ranging from local grassroots organizing to state and federal legislation aimed at expanding contingent workers' currently minimal protections under equal pay, pension and labor organizing laws.

The AFL-CIO calls contingent labor a 'priority issue' but has yet to make an all-out push to organize temps on any significant scale.

Although advocates embrace a big-tent approach, there is a "tension in this whole area of contingent work between outlawing the hiring of temporary workers" and reforming conditions, says Chris Owens, the AFL-CIO's assistant director for public policy. It's no coincidence that the rise of contingency has paralleled the decline of unionization—to the point where a stunning 90 percent of all private-sector workers are nonunion. Backed against the wall since the Reagan years, most unions have, until lately, assumed a defensive posture, opposing the creation of temp jobs as a union-busting strategy rather than looking for ways to unionize temps. Asked how unions can build temp-worker power, one union official says, "I don't feel like we have an answer for that yet. We are at the bottom of the ocean with a teaspoon on this issue."

The AFL-CIO now calls contingent labor a "priority issue," but high-level officials there acknowledge that labor has yet to make the all-out push required to organize temps on any significant scale. "There's a serious question as to whether organized labor will put the money and resources together to do it," says organizing director Kirk Adams. "That's still an open question." Labor's answer will determine not only how (and how many) temp workers are organized but also the extent to which unions wield power and control work in an increasingly temp-dependent economy.

Millions of 'Second-Class Workers'

The scope and role of contingent labor in today's economy is staggering. Nearly one-third of America's workers—about 30 million—toil in temporary, contracted, self-employed, leased, part-time and other "nonstandard" arrangements, according to a 1998–99 study by the Economic Policy Institute. Over the past decade, the temp industry has enjoyed phenomenal growth, outpacing most sectors of the economy. Since 1990 the number of workers employed daily by temp agencies has shot up from 1.2 million to 2.9 million, according to the American Staffing Association. Temp jobs constitute a startling 25 percent of all new jobs created since 1984.

In a fundamental restructuring of work, businesses now farm out not just special projects but everyday functions like office cleaning, payroll processing, human resources departments and entire clerical and assembly-line units. "It's all a function of companies trying to externalize any cost that is not core to what they do," explains Amy Dean, executive officer of the South Bay AFL-CIO Labor Council. Adds employment relations professor George Gonos of SUNY-Potsdam, who has studied temp labor for twenty years, "This is about a massive secondary labor market that has been created in every occupational group, producing a burgeoning group of second-class workers."

Contingent jobs are embedded in every sector of the economy, affecting workers of all collars. Their diverse ranks include high-tech software engineers and office workers; janitors, taxicab drivers and chicken catchers misclassified as independent contractors; adjunct college professors; and home health-care workers. As Ellen Bravo, co-director of 9 to 5, the National Association for Working Women, puts it, "This is a labor problem that crosses class."

What potentially unites such disparate workers is the tenuous status they all share—and the fact that they take home nearly $100 less per week than their nominally permanent counterparts. Government and industry studies show 60–70 percent of contingents wish for something more stable. Just 20 percent of contingent workers (and under 4 percent of all temps) receive employer health insurance, compared with more than 50 percent of noncontingent workers, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Similarly, only one-fourth of contingent workers are eligible for employer pension plans, while nearly half of permanent workers qualify. Perhaps most significant, the vast majority of contingents fall through vast loopholes in worker-protection laws and have no union representation. They have been cast adrift to fend for themselves in an increasingly volatile labor market.

Now avenues for collective response are emerging. The National Alliance For Fair Employment has drafted codes of conduct that use the pressures of publicity—both good and bad—to convince temp agencies to treat temps in ways workers once took for granted: providing detailed job descriptions of wages, benefits and duration of assignments; insuring that temps get the same safety equipment as permanent workers; allowing temps to register with several agencies and to get permanent jobs with client companies; and allowing temps at unionized client companies to join collective bargaining agreements.

Yet such voluntary measures only go so far. And the sheer diversity and mobility of contingent jobs complicates direct organizing, making legislation critical to obtaining equal pay and benefits for temps. "Whatever power can be generated at the workplace must be directed to getting regulations across the labor market," says Costello. "We don't want to rely on workplace-by-workplace, association-by-association standards."

Christopher D. Cook is an award-winning investigative journalist who reports widely on labor, welfare and other issues. He has written for Harper's Magazine, The Christian Science Monitor, The Progressive *and* In These Times.

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On the movement's legislative docket:

§ the Massachusetts Workplace Equity Bill, sponsored by dozens of state legislators, which would require equal pay and benefits for contingent workers who do the same work as permanent employees;

§ Congressional measures authored by Illinois Representative Lane Evans that would prohibit companies from cutting contingents out of pension plans, extend health and safety protections to temps and outlaw pay discrimination against temps; the bills, with six co-sponsors each, are still in committee;

§ Washington State's Employee Benefits Fairness Act of 2000, which would ban companies' "permatemp" strategies of misclassifying employees as temp or contract workers in order to deny them benefits such as paid leave and stock discounts;

§ temp worker "right to know" measures, passed in Rhode Island and South Carolina and proposed in Washington State, which would require agencies to provide temps with job descriptions, pay rates and work schedules.

One key question: Are temps best served by a union of their own or by allying themselves, shop by shop, with their permanent jobmates?

Temp-industry officials insist that new laws and unions are unnecessary. Edward Lenz, senior vice president of the American Staffing Association (a trade group representing 1,400 temp companies), says the temp industry opposes equalizing benefits for temps because "employers ought to be free to say 'we're going to provide coverage to this group of workers and not to that group of workers.'" Lenz adds, "Although it may strike some people as arbitrary or unfair, the law currently allows them to do that, for reasons that don't have to be justified." So the industry and its clients continue to benefit from pension and labor laws that don't cover "that group"—namely, temps. The National Labor Relations Act, for instance, typically excludes temps from forming bargaining units with permanent workers, a serious hindrance to their unionization. Numerous proposals to reform this have made little headway.

Reform or Revolution?

For unions, the soaring use of temps raises some vexing questions. How, for instance, do you organize ever-mobile temp workers who are employed by several agencies and who move among dozens of job sites in a single year? Are temps best served by a union of their own that can bargain with local and national temp agencies, or by allying themselves, shop by shop, with their permanent jobmates? Should unions try to reform the temp industry, compete with it or combat its very existence?

Around the country, different answers are emerging, yielding varying degrees of success. Throughout Rhode Island, temp companies line inner-city neighborhoods "on almost every corner, like liquor stores," says Mario Bueno, program coordinator for the United Workers Committee, part of a statewide United Campaign for Permanent Jobs, involving unions, churches and community groups. Low-wage temps working on factory assembly lines (who must pay $15–$20 a week for company buses to outlying factories) "are doing the exact same work they always did as permanents," says Bueno, and they "are not filling in for anybody." Yet many persist for years in manual "temp" jobs without healthcare (or even access to the company microwave in the lunchroom), under the impression they will eventually be hired as permanent workers. Temps from textile mills, jewelry factories and canning companies have used public hearings and direct actions to pressure Rhode Island to pass legislation requiring temp agencies to disclose job descriptions, pay rates and work schedules. The United Campaign also pushed (unsuccessfully) for rules limiting prohibitive "conversion fees" that temp firms charge client companies when they want to hire one of their workers for a permanent job.

In Silicon Valley, with a temp-labor boom "going on against the backdrop of prosperity," Amy Dean of the South Bay Labor Council created the multipurpose Working Partnerships USA that Cornejo stumbled upon, which has garnered much national press attention. Instead of organizing temps into a union, the council tapped foundation funding to set up Working Partnerships, which emphasizes tangibles like a temp-worker healthcare plan with income-adjusted premiums and a type of temp-worker hiring hall. "Our goal is not to build Temporary Workers of the World Unite," says Dean, who three years ago was picked by AFL-CIO president John Sweeney to head a committee on the future of the labor movement. "When you ask people why they want to join this organization, they don't say, So I can go in the street and advocate for better conditions. They say, I want portable benefits, I want a job."

So, following in the footsteps of a mid-nineties effort by Bay Area temps and the Industrial Workers of the World to create a worker-owned temp agency, Working Partnerships has launched a nonprofit "socially responsible" staffing firm that aims to give temps a bigger slice of the pie and to act as a role model for how competing agencies should treat their workers. So far it's been tough going: While 150 workers have enrolled in the service, many need additional training; the agency currently has just three to five temps working on any given day and pays them a minimum wage of $10 an hour, says Lisa Hoyos of Working Partnerships' staffing service. The agency is targeting large union firms, public agencies and small private-sector companies as job-placement clients. The ultimate goal, says Hoyos, is to be a self-sustaining firm providing pensions and benefits to all its temps. The nonprofit agency is part of a broader strategy to create a membership organization with benefits and other education and training opportunities, says Dean, who plans a public relations campaign via radio, print and the Internet to draw temps from throughout the region. Working Partnerships will then try to cajole area temp agencies to abide voluntarily by a code of conduct.

In New Jersey a similar code-of-conduct campaign has benefited from low unemployment rates, as temp agencies are "scrambling to get bodies," says Barrie Peterson, employment specialist with the nonprofit United Labor Agency of Bergen County, which runs the Bergen Employment Action Project's Temp Worker Alliance. So far thirty-two New Jersey temp companies, mostly small to mid-size firms that "want to distinguish themselves as a high-practice agency," have signed the project's fair-conduct code, says Peterson. The project publishes a consumer guide listing "best practice" temp agencies that

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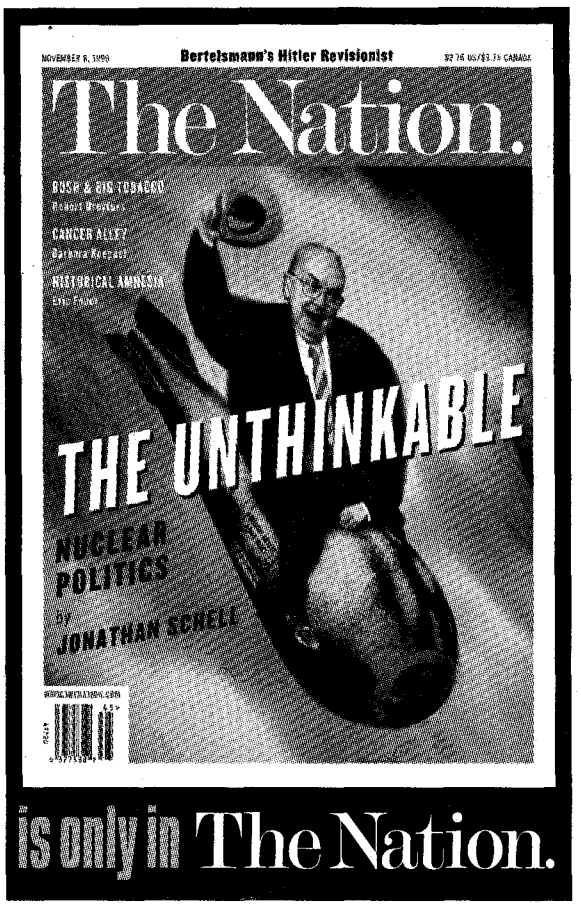

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abide by the code, a strategy to promote more labor-friendly firms and to help temps shop around for better treatment.

But ultimately such voluntarism must be backed by concrete temp-worker power, says SUNY's George Gonos. "The code of conduct means nothing on paper unless you organize.... If you can't move significant numbers of temp workers from one agency to another because the second agency is adhering to your code, you have no market power whatsoever. The whole strategy from time immemorial has to be about power, control over the labor market."

Don't Mourn, Organize

While Working Partnerships USA and others stress the need for innovation, some unions have found success organizing temps the old-fashioned way. "Too many people have bought the notion that temporary workers are unorganizable," says Wade Rathke, whose union, SEIU Local 100 in New Orleans, has organized and won contracts for temp garbage-truck workers. When New Orleans privatized its municipal garbage collection in the eighties, "all the laborers on the back of the truck were contracted to a variety of temp agencies, some of which existed almost solely to provide labor for the sanitation department," says Rathke. Suddenly 250 longtime city "hoppers," who toss trash into the trucks, were temps receiving minimum wage and no benefits.

"The irony is these workers had a lot more control over the jobs than you might think," Rathke notes. "They controlled the work because they were the ones who knew how to do it, and when they had an issue the garbage still had to be picked up." Precisely because they were temps, the hoppers could choose just when to withhold their labor. A few years ago, in the middle of a scorching New Orleans summer "we came to one of those periods where we were just too damn tired to work," says Rathke, forcing the companies to come to the bargaining table or risk losing their contracts as resident complaints piled up by the hundreds. The key tactic for temps, he says, is "to look at the combustion points, where they have to be there for the work to be done, and you have some power in the situation."

On the other end of the temp spectrum, contingent high-tech workers at Microsoft and other Washington firms in the Puget Sound region are crafting their own union, called WashTech, in a steadfastly anti-union sector. They are targeting thousands of web designers, technical writers and software engineers—including more than 3,000 at Microsoft alone—employed for years through temp agencies and denied access to company healthcare and pensions, as well as stock options. So far 250 temps at fifty high-tech companies have joined the union, affiliated with the Communications Workers of America.

High-tech temps "might want flexibility, but they are not choosing to go without healthcare, without a pension plan and without the same kind of labor protections that are afforded other workers in this country," says WashTech co-founder Marcus Courtney, himself a temp test engineer at Microsoft. Instead of focusing on the temp agencies, WashTech organizes temps at their work sites, says Courtney. "Our organization is not about some agency that doesn't employ them, it's about where they work."

Battling temp isolation and "employers' tactics of fear and intimidation," WashTech is using the Internet and e-mail, as well as collective actions, to bring temps together, says Courtney. When twenty Microsoft temps represented by WashTech tried to form a collective-bargaining unit, neither Microsoft nor the four temp agencies involved would recognize them. But the workers' pressure paid off, as Microsoft quietly began acceding to their demands for wage parity and job reclassifications to reflect their skill levels. "They got those changes because they organized," says Courtney. Their efforts have been buoyed by a Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals ruling last May that Microsoft illegally misclassified regular staff as temps and independent contractors to deny them stock options and other benefits. This January the US Supreme Court, for the second time, refused to hear Microsoft's appeal of the circuit decision. Now, however, Microsoft is fighting back by limiting the terms of temp workers to avoid paying benefits.

Day Laborers Get Strategic

Far outside the universe of traditional unions, day laborers, mostly Latino and African-American, are building their own collective-action groups. In Portland, Oregon, where "most of the building trade unions are pretty white," it's "almost not even an option" for day laborers to join, says Jeri Sundval, formerly of the Workers Organizing Committee there. The committee began organizing day laborers in 1996, initially fighting a wave of anti-immigrant legislation and constant harassment by the INS and local police. "We're like the urban farmworkers," says Sundval.

"In the hierarchy of needs, these folks are way at the bottom. They are worrying about food and shelter every day," says Sundval. Portland's day laborers, numbering about 100 in winter and up to 500 in summer, were stuck at Oregon's $6.50 minimum wage and were easily cheated since they were paid in cash with no recordkeeping. Organizing block by block, the laborers agreed to work for no less than $8 per hour—a standard that Sundval says has been upheld. Now the committee, which helps represent the laborers in hundreds of wage and unemployment claims, is setting up a workers' center, where the laborers can "wait for work in dignity," protected from Portland's near-ceaseless rains.

In Chicago, police sweeps and flagrant day-labor-agency abuses have inspired uprisings among the city's burgeoning, largely Latino day-labor force. According to Chirag Mehta, researcher at the University of Illinois Center for Urban Economic Development, somewhere between 30,000 and 50,000 Chicagoans rely on day labor; this includes some 75 percent of the city's homeless shelter residents, a recent study by the center found. "They are living day by day, working day by day in a cycle of homelessness and day labor," says the center's research director, Nikolas Theodore. Many are undocumented immigrants, according to José Landaverde, Latino task force coordinator for the Chicago Coalition for the Homeless, which is helping the laborers get organized. Recently three laborers, angered at being underpaid, showed Landaverde their paychecks: "They worked eight hours and got paid $28.25 for the day. The employment agencies do whatever they want because they assume the workers don't have documents."

But in February these workers, many of them women, fought back with loud street protests, public hearings and a one-day strike against one of the day-labor agencies. With good media coverage

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and help from a city alderman, they shut down two agencies that were operating without licenses and allegedly taking illegal deductions for nonexistent benefits and pensions, says coalition organizer Dan Giloth. The coalition, working closely with Jobs with Justice, the Interfaith Committee for Workers' Rights and various local unions, is lobbying the city to spend $1.9 million to finance eight workers' centers where day laborers can wait for work in peace. The centers would be run by day-laborer board members, says Giloth, and are part of a long-term strategy to create a day-laborers' co-op to negotiate better wages and conditions.

As the contingent-workers movement gains ground, the potential for new organizing hits up against serious financial limitations. Apart from a few large grants from the French American Charitable Trust, the Ford Foundation and others, there is meager financial support for the contingent-workers movement. "Right now we are a few bones connected to maybe a skeleton," says Peterson of the Bergen Employment Action Project, which operates on just $15,000 a year. "All of us are struggling to somehow get our local projects to survive."

But union officials close to the movement say there is another significant hurdle—organized labor's general lack of awareness about the need to unite contingent workers with permanent employees. "Most people, including many local unions, don't know that contingent labor is quicksand under their feet," says Maureen Ridge of SEIU Local 925 in Boston, which works closely with the Massachusetts Campaign on Contingent Work. Because temps are especially difficult to organize under current labor law, says Ridge, unions usually seek easier paths to expand their shrinking memberships. "Why would we be looking at all these temp workers who can't be organized under the National Labor Relations Act when there are still all these other workers out there who can be, and when we are shrinking and we need to grow quickly? You only have so many resources, so many hours in a day, and we are all focused on survival.... All of this work on temps is out of the realm of our regular work." As contingent jobs increasingly become America's regular work, the challenge is to make the organizing of contingent workers part of organized labor's regular work. That process has only just begun. ■

HOW TO STRETCH A PRESIDENTIAL PENSION: TALK PODIATRY WITH A PRINCE.

Bush of Arabia

DAVID CORN AND PAUL LASHMAR

In January former President George Bush and former British Prime Minister John Major paid a social call on Saudi Arabian Crown Prince Abdullah at his luxurious tent compound outside Riyadh. While chitchatting, the Prince asked his guests to excuse him for elevating an injured foot in their presence. Bush then started discussing a podiatric mishap recently experienced by his wife. As Bush launched into details, the Prince used a remote to raise the volume on several television sets playing in the room, according to an account of the meeting. Major, politely hinting that the televisions had become too loud, quipped that he traveled to the desert to escape television. Ignoring Major's remark, the Prince kept the televisions blaring.

PETER ZIERLEIN

Such a scene might seem humorous, but both former leaders were in Saudi Arabia in conjunction with serious business. Bush, taking time off from assisting his son's presidential campaign, and Major were traveling the Middle East to help the Carlyle Group, a multibillion-dollar private investment firm based in Washington, which has investments around the world—from soda bottling to waste treatment to jet-wing manufacturing—and which is managed by former members of the Reagan and Bush administrations. Carlyle has extensive interests in Saudi Arabia, and it has been pursuing a deal in partnership with SBC, the telecommunications giant (which owns Southwestern Bell, Ameritech, Pacific Telesis and Cellular One), to acquire about 25 percent of the Saudi phone system. Accompanied by several Carlyle execs, Bush and Major—the leaders of the alliance that pushed Saddam Hussein out of Kuwait in 1991—were out to win friends and influence Saudis on behalf of Carlyle. (Bush, Major and the Carlyle officers also made a stop in Kuwait.) A day or two after the short session with the Prince, Bush and Major were whisked by the Carlyle team, headed by Carlyle founder David Rubenstein, a former Carter White House aide, to the city of Jeddah. They spent four hours on a yacht cruising the Red Sea with Saudi business officials and then attended a swank party at a private residence, again hobnobbing with prominent Saudis.

Bush was compensated for the trip, but his office would not provide a figure. He serves as a member of Carlyle's Asian advisory board, and he is paid to give speeches for Carlyle around the world. "He is friendly with the management of Carlyle," says Gian-Carlo Peressutti, a Bush spokesman. (Indeed. James Baker, Bush's Secretary of State, is senior counselor to the company; Richard Darman, Bush's budget director, is a senior adviser; and Frank Carlucci, Reagan's Defense Secretary, is chairman.) Peressutti notes that Bush did not "know the exact nature of the business Carlyle was conducting on that trip." One Carlyle source maintains that Bush and Major "had no knowledge" of Carlyle's specific business activities in Saudi Arabia, including the potential SBC deal. "We used them for good-will gestures," this source

David Corn is The Nation*'s Washington editor. Paul Lashmar is an investigative writer for the London* Independent.

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says, "for lunches and dinners. People like to see former presidents and former prime ministers. It's a very good way of getting people to pay attention to you."

Can it be true that Bush and Major hire themselves out as props, without realizing what Carlyle deals they might be abetting? To schmooze without being aware of the end results? In any event, they did not have to explain their presence in Saudi Arabia, for both had been invited to speak at an economic forum in Jeddah. Bush and Major were also received by King Fahd. "But for part of the time they were just with us," says the Carlyle source. According to two sources familar with the mission, Carlyle executives were focusing on the telephone system deal. In 1998 the Saudi government announced it was privatizing the kingdom's phone service, and the Saudis have been seeking foreign investors. Several companies from around the world have expressed interest. SBC has been looking at this potential deal for about a year and brought in well-wired Carlyle as a partner.

It might not trouble the (supposedly) unknowing Bush that he is aiding SBC, a Texas-based company run by executives who have contributed nearly $50,000 to George W. Bush's gubernatorial and presidential campaigns. Governor Bush's administration has also been supportive of SBC, which spends more on lobbying in Texas than any other corporation (at least $5 million in 1999). In December the Texas Public Utilities Commission, comprising three Bush appointees, approved SBC's highly controversial request to enter the long-distance market in that state. Critics of SBC complained that the company had not opened up the local market as it had promised, and after the PUC granted its OK, the Justice Department, citing SBC's anticompetitive ways, urged the Federal Communications Commission to reject the company's long-distance application. (By the way, SBC once donated $400,000 to a reading initiative promoted by Govenor Bush.)

John Major's relationship with Carlyle may be more problematic. As a member of Carlyle's European advisory board, he is profiting by assisting a US-based firm in partnership with a US competitor of British Telecommunications, and he is doing so while an active member of the British Parliament.

"It's pretty obvious," says one person with knowledge of the trip. "Carlyle wanted to open up doors, and they bring in Bush and Major, who saved the Saudis' ass in the Gulf War. If you got these guys coming in for SBC or any other company, those companies are going to have a pretty good chance."

The Carlyle connection runs in the family. In 1990, a year after Carlyle acquired Caterair, a large airline-catering firm, Fred Malek, a longtime Bush associate, helped place George W. on the board of Caterair. And this past fall the Bush campaign received a scare when one of its lead fundraisers, GOP lobbyist Wayne Berman, was implicated in a scandal involving Carlyle. On September 23 former Connecticut State Treasurer Paul Silvester pleaded guilty to federal racketeering charges regarding his handling of state pension funds. Berman pocketed about $1 million from Carlyle for helping the firm win $100 million in pension investments from Silvester. Shortly before Silvester left office in early 1999, Berman allegedly promised him a job while angling for another $50 million investment in a Carlyle fund. Berman then hired Silvester for a position in the consulting firm he operates with former Senator Alfonse D'Amato. After Ber-

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man's role in the affair became public, the Bush campaign announced that Berman, who had worked in the Bush Administration, was no longer fundraising for George W.

Carlyle has been good to the Bushes. But if the Berman-Carlyle scandal spreads, it may draw more attention to the back-scratching, deal-making financial-political world in which the Bush family and their friends have flourished. That won't be good for the son of Carlyle's most famous meet-and-greeter. ■

WHEN THE US AND CUBA CLASH, CHILDREN CAN LOSE EVERYTHING, EVEN THEIR HOMES.

Elián and the Tale of Pedro Pan

MARIA DE LOS ANGELES TORRES

It seems that each day has brought a strange new twist to the story of Elián González, as forty years of unresolved hostilities are played out in the battle over his fate. This month Federal District Judge K. Michael Moore is scheduled to hear arguments on whether the boy should be returned to his father in Cuba or remain with Miami relatives, with whom he's been staying since he was rescued last Thanksgiving, when he was found clinging to an inner tube off the coast of Florida, having survived days at sea after witnessing his mother's drowning.

This is not the first time that Cuba's destiny has been contested through children. The nineteenth-century poet, patriot and revolutionary José Martí imagined the country's future, in part, through its children. The 1959 revolution unleashed a bitter struggle for control of the hearts and minds of Cuba's young. Children became central to the government's plans to create the *hombre nuevo*, the "new man." They were to become settlers of the future, and in furtherance of that goal they were organized into a mass state organization called the Pioneers. When the government began a massive literacy campaign, it permanently closed all private schools and temporarily closed public ones.

Elián's plight recalls one of Cuba's most dramatic postrevolutionary episodes: the exodus of some 14,000 unaccompanied children. In 1960 the US government gave Father Bryan Walsh, who was executive director of the Miami Catholic Welfare Bureau, a social service agency, the extraordinary power to waive visas for children under 16. Women from various opposition organizations in Cuba distributed the visa waivers after they were smuggled into the country. The program, which came to be known as Operation Pedro Pan—Peter Pan—was initially set up for about 700 children whose parents were fighting in the counterrevolutionary underground and wanted them in a safe haven. But after the failure of the Bay of Pigs invasion, Pedro Pan became the vehicle for the departure of another 13,300 kids, whose parents—frightened by CIA-inspired rumors that the government was going to take *patria potestad* (legal authority) over their children—sent them abroad. For the opposition, "Save the Children" became a battle cry.

Kids without friends or relatives in the United States were shipped to orphanages, boarding schools, delinquent homes and foster homes throughout the United States. Cuban children became the yellow ribbons of the cold war and the anchors of postrevolution enclaves in the United States. Once here, the Pedro Pans would reclaim their parents, who had an easier time leaving if they already had relatives in the States. Operation Pedro Pan lasted until October 1962, when, at the height of the missile crisis, the United States suddenly shut its doors as part of the air-isolation campaign against Cuba. At the time, 7,000 children were still awaiting the arrival of their parents. The doors were not reopened until 1965. Ideological and security interests, not children's political and emotional rights, have often defined both US and Cuban government policies that affect Cuban children.

I feel a special affinity for Elián: I was a Pedro Pan, and I too was 6 years old when I arrived, unaccompanied, in Miami. I remember how afraid I was, especially at night, that I would never see my parents again. It is tempting to embrace Elián, since his experience resonates with mine and that of the other Pedro Pans. There are plenty of parallels: In both cases, children have been used as cannon fodder in an ideological battle. We Pedro Pans see ourselves in him, alone in the United States in the middle of a political maelstrom, which, even after forty years, involves the same man in power on the island—and the same intransigent US policies.

However, unlike Elián, I did not witness the death of my mother at sea, and both of my parents chose to send me here unaccompanied. The parents of Pedro Pans were afraid the Cuban government would take away authority over their children. By contrast, Elián's father, Juan Miguel González, has demanded that his child be returned. Juan Miguel's expressed wishes are being threatened not by the Cuban government but by that segment of the US community that is insisting Elián stay here. Still, I am conflicted by sworn affidavits submitted to the Miami court by Elián's Miami relatives, who claim that Juan Miguel wanted to come here himself. Of course, they are interested parties (they've been carrying on a public feud with Elián's father over the boy's custody) and they could be wrong, but it does raise the question of how free Juan Miguel is to say what is really on his mind.

For Pedro Pans, Elián has brought out conflicting emotions,

Maria de los Angeles Torres teaches political science at DePaul University and is the author of In the Land of Mirrors: Cuban Exile Politics in the US *(Michigan). She is currently writing a book,* Social Constructions of Childhood: Operation Pedro Pan.

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which have fueled a respectful but intense debate. Many, like Yvonne Conde, author of a book on the operation, have publicly advocated that Elián be allowed to stay in the United States. Feminist author Ileana Fuentes thinks that while the separation of Pedro Pans from their parents was traumatic, the alternative—life in a repressive system—would have been worse, so she feels he should stay. Emilio Cueto, a Washington, DC–based lawyer, thinks that given the impossibility of returning him to a free Cuba or having his father come here, Elián should be with his father in Cuba. To deny the father his *patria potestad* just because we may not like his country's government is to do to him what our parents feared would be done to them. Elly Chovel, a Pedro Pan who lives in Miami and who has helped organize adult Pedro Pans into a charitable organization, believes that we should be concentrating on the child's emotional needs, something that has often been lost in the debate. Indeed, Jorge Mas Santos, chairman of the hard-line, pro-embargo Cuban-American National Foundation (CANF), which has literally turned Elián into a poster child, has shown very little concern for the boy's actual welfare and has used him to flog a host of other issues, primarily human rights in Cuba.

Exile Politics

Our passions about Elián are also bound to another aspect of the exile experience: a collective memory of repression on the island. Many families in Miami can point to a relative or friend who was incarcerated or executed. Cuban Miami has many former political prisoners. For forty years, Cubans of all political stripes and classes have been fleeing the island on planes, in boats and in makeshift rafts. Castro has been a potent unifier of distinct waves of exiles. More than 1.5 million Cubans have fled since the revolution, and thousands have drowned at sea making the attempt. The idea of sending someone back threatens to unravel the most basic premise of why we are here.

Unfortunately, a fully rounded political agenda, which would include immigrant rights, has eluded most exile political organizations. The exile political program is defined by one item—Fidel Castro—and the debate is limited to the question of how best to get rid of him: Should we tighten or lift the embargo? For instance, amid the anti-immigrant hysteria of the 1994 Florida gubernatorial race, CANF backed a Clinton Administration plan to set up camps at the US base at Guantánamo and in Panama to hold the flood of Cubans intercepted at sea, in exchange for get-tough policies against Castro. (These included a reduction in the maximum dollar remittances that US-based Cubans could transfer to relatives on the island as well as a ban on charter flights to Cuba; these harsh policies have hurt Castro far less than they have ordinary Cubans, whose interests have never been of concern to Washington, and have thus fostered the isolation of pro-embargo groups here.) The willingness of CANF to consign thousands of children to a hot and sandy tent city at Guantánamo is a striking contrast to its shrill demands that Elián be allowed to stay here. In 1995 the anti-embargo Cuban Committee for Democracy backed an agreement between the US government and Cuba to send back rafters in exchange for relaxing embargo regulations. José Basulto, head of Brothers to the Rescue, the one organization exclusively organized to help rafters, epitomizes the Castro-centrism of exile politics: When Elián arrived, Basulto at first stated that he should be returned to his father, but when he heard that Castro wanted him back, Basulto changed his mind.

The traditional pro-embargo exile organizations have desperately seized on Elián as a cause célèbre to mitigate their isolation, which has grown as Cuba has become chic. Its music (witness the sensation created by the *Buena Vista Social Club*), cigars, rum and women (as measured by the throngs of male tourists seeking Cuban prostitutes) are now all the rage. It seems that everyone, including model Naomi Campbell, singer Bonnie Raitt and even embattled Illinois Republican Governor George Ryan, is rushing to Havana to have a picture taken with Castro.

Bill Teck, editor of *Generation Ñ*, a four-year-old magazine focused on second-generation Cuban-Americans, believes the isolation of exile organizations is really a demonization that is the flip side of the island's exoticization. The effect has been to exclude from the global human rights agenda exile concerns about abuses in Cuba. Joe Cardona, a 32-year-old Miami-based filmmaker, sees the dwindling of exile groups in a different way. "The exile community is much more diverse and polarized than it was in the past," he says. "Cuban-Americans, young ones in particular, are apathetic." To figure out why, "the emphasis should be put on understanding the American side of the equation." Viewed this way, Cuban-American voters are as apathetic as other US voters, and our politicians are just as empty. So for traditional exile organizations, the furor over Elián becomes a way to try to regenerate politics and recuperate standing in the political psyche of a community they no longer represent.

The Island

Like his counterparts in Miami, Castro, who enjoyed immense popularity at the time of the revolution, is now politically isolated. Cubans, particularly young ones, are alienated, and those who believed in communism are perhaps the most embittered. The ideological apparatus of the past forty years has crumbled as the government and its supporters cheer on international capitalist investment in the island, whose economy is now fueled by dollars from tourism and remittances sent home by exiles. With the collapse of the Soviet system, Castro can no longer bolster popular support with free government services—programs that, for the first time in the island's history, were tailored for the poor and thus came to define his regime as socially just.

Exiles have been one of Castro's favorite political targets. But there is growing resentment of his war on the exile community, because almost everyone in Cuba either wants to leave or has a relative who has left or wants to. Furthermore, state policies have contributed to the division of families. These have included a ban on emigration for any male of military age and on communication between Communist Party members and relatives abroad. University applicants who write to relatives abroad endanger their admission chances. Dissidents have often been told they can leave, but not with their children, even if they have a US visa.

In calling for the return of Elián, Castro has found a popular cause and a way to fight the exiles, whom he now calls the Miami mafia, even as he evades the harder discussion of why Elián's mother left in the first place. The issue has struck a chord despite the evident hypocrisy of Castro's sudden concern for family unity; regardless of how bad life on the island is, the idea that

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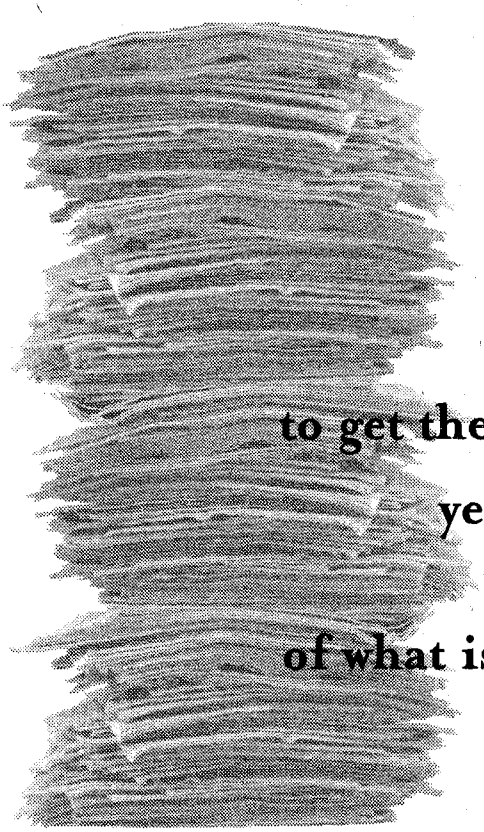

It is difficult

to get the news from poems

yet men die miserably every day

for lack

of what is found there.

—William Carlos Williams

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some distant relative could simply take a child from his father because of where he lives makes a caricature of Cubans' lives. Therefore, despite the jokes that abound (Fidel asks for volunteers to form a brigade to rescue Elián; everyone signs up), church officials, who often find themselves opposed to the government, and dissidents speak with one voice: The boy should be returned to his father. Castro is riding the crest of that sentiment, thanks to exile leaders in Miami.

Politicians in the United States have been exploiting the Elián circus just as shamelessly as Castro, of course. He was a topic in the first GOP debate, and Senator Connie Mack is sponsoring legislation to make him a US citizen. Representative Ileana Ros-Lehtinen rushed to his relatives' home and, in the name of a free Cuba, wrapped Elián in the American flag. In part, this is just a new twist on the very old strategy of politicians pandering to Cuban-Americans for their votes, Democratic in earlier times but now mostly Republican (Southern Democrats have alienated the community in various ways, often by running candidates who support the xenophobic English-only campaign). Republican contenders are now trying to outdo one another in catering to what they think will mobilize exiles, and are posturing to that sector of the US population that believes Elián should be allowed to stay.

Across the political spectrum, whether in Cuba or the United States, Elián has become a means to a political end. This vulnerable boy has simultaneously become a symbol of the American way of life and a *niño de la patria*, a child of the Cuban fatherland. In either instance, the actual boy has no voice or power, and his emotional rights, which logically should include reunification with his father, have no place in which they can be defined, much less defended. Elián has become a life raft onto which politicians in Havana, Miami and Washington are hanging for dear life. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

out in full scale." Who initiated the Korean War in 1950 is still in dispute. Much evidence shows that the United States encouraged the South Korean leaders to start the war. JOHN KIM

Oakland, Calif.

■ That *The Nation* should omit the 1910 Mexican Revolution—the last century's first social revolution—from its list of "one hundred significant events...in terms of freedom, human rights and social justice" is a shocking and lamentable oversight. ANTONIO PRIETO

Ocean Park, Me.

■ Two important events might be added to your Timeline: (1) Douglas MacArthur's use of the military against US veterans (civilians) in Washington, DC, following World War I. (2) The implementation of martial law and suspension of habeas corpus in the Territory of Hawaii from 1941 through 1944. THOM BURNS

New Orleans

■ There is a crucial missing piece in your coverage of the century: A vast majority of biologists agree that it saw the first man-made extinctions of 20–40 percent of all plants and animals on the face of the earth. STEPHEN G. SMITH

■ Having fought in Vietnam, I noted especially your quote from Ho Chi Minh. The war *was* folly. I was one of four USMC second lieutenants commissioned at my school in 1966 and was the only one alive twenty-four months later. As a media fellow at the Hoover Institution many years later, I discussed what happened at the Gulf of Tonkin with Vice Adm. Jim Stockdale, who was there as a Navy squadron commander. Nothing happened that night. Our government started the whole war under false pretenses. DAVID EVANS

New York City

■ I know *The Nation* has strong views about not censoring its writers—not even its ads. Bravo. It's one of the traits I admire and think works to boot. But to reprint utterly inappropriate and obnoxious remarks about one of the century's most thoughtful and steady literary and political critics on the left—and the founder and editor of a magazine that had played a role that surely deserves *The Nation*'s respect—is beyond belief. What kind of thinking went into the decision to include the out-of-context insult to Irving Howe, an insult that was so pointlessly personal and ugly in its use of language? When I look back on the history of the century, Howe's work stands out for its foresight, intelligence and moral courage. I wish *The Nation* had honored him more over the years. To have used this occasion to attack him below the belt—not for a particular viewpoint or idea but as a human being—and to do it to a man who died long before his time and thus can't swing back is... I'm speechless. DEBORAH MEIER

We have received other mail making the same point. The letter referred to was added at a late hour and, regrettably, not subjected to our ordinary vetting procedures. Although we had our political differences with Howe, we held him in high and affectionate regard. In atonement, The Nation *is instituting a moratorium on attacking Howe for at least 100 years.* —*The Editors*

Baltimore

■ How shallow! Your list claims the introduction of the electric washing machine (1910) and vacuum cleaner (1901) "transform[ed] housework and women's daily lives." How many people had electricity? How many could afford fancy appliances? Look at your own statistics for 1927: The average industrial worker made less than a poverty-level income. Many people born in the first two decades of the century have vivid memories of washboards or, if they were lucky, of gasoline-powered machines and of huge washboilers in which water was heated on coal- or cob-burning stoves. Their cleaning was accomplished with brooms, mops and scrub brushes, though, come the thirties, some of them no longer had homes to clean.

It is silly and offensive to suggest that women's lives could be miraculously "transformed" merely by the introduction of a beneficent (masculine) technology. KATHARINE W. RYLAARSDAM

South Hadley, Mass.

■ In the midst of an otherwise exemplary and truthful issue, one illustration,"Women in War Industries," on page 23, is a striking example of how graphics can distort reality and be used for propaganda.

The number of women in war industries is illustrated in two ways—the size of the women and the actual numbers of women involved printed above each head. Unfortunately, the size of the women does not accurately represent the numbers. I measured the women in two ways: height only (as if the graphic represented a bar chart) and area (height X skirt width, as if the graphic represented a spread-out pie chart). Neither height nor area of the printed women is in proportion to the numbers printed. For example, according to the illustration, the USSR had 30 million women involved in war industries while the United States had only 1.7 million (an approximately 17:1 ratio). The heights differ only in a 12:1 ratio, whereas the areas differ in a 144:1 ratio. One way (height) understates the contribution of the Soviets, while the other (area) gives succor to the anti-Communist hysterics. The overall true ratios (US:UK:Germany:USSR) are (rounded off) 1:3:5:17, whereas the height ratios are 1:2:4:12 and the area ratios are 1:4:16:144. This kind of graphical distortion is commonplace in *USA Today*, but it's the first I've seen in *The Nation* in the nearly two decades of my subscription. I can only hope it's not a trend. AARON M. ELLISON

Woodstock, Md.

■ "The Century: An Alternative History" is superb—a year too early. SHERMAN RODDY

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

All the President's Mien

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

YELTSIN: A Revolutionary Life.
By Leon Aron.
St. Martin's. 934 pp. $35.

Leon Aron, a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, has over the past few years become known as an authority on Boris Yeltsin, a man he patently likes and has vigorously defended against his detractors, mostly on television programs such as *The NewsHour With Jim Lehrer*. Regularly identified by his TV hosts as author of a forthcoming biography of Yeltsin, Aron has now produced the long-promised volume, and the least one can say is that it does not disappoint: The author is as generous in the assessment of his subject, as charitable in "accentuating the positive," as one would expect from his television performances.

Aron's book, more than 900 pages long, fairly brims with data and reflections—copious quotations from Yeltsin's speeches and interviews; minute descriptions of the circumstances under which they were delivered; faithful reconstructions of Yeltsin's moods, varying from euphoria to dark depression; apposite quotations from other thinkers (Isaiah Berlin, for one); historical digressions and comparisons pondered by the author during the book's lengthy gestation. The intellectual fare produced by such cogitations—I might as well lay my cards on the table—is not very compelling. But it testifies to Aron's earnest investment in his subject.

Aron also devotes a fair number of pages to Yeltsin's childhood, youth and formative years as party first secretary in Sverdlovsk. Which is to the good, inasmuch as some of the traits that became so prominent during Yeltsin's presidential (cum, for a time, prime ministerial) tenure were already sprouting during his apprenticeship. Yeltsin's stamina, ebullience and industriousness were evident—as was his habit of running roughshod over subordinates who failed to meet his exacting demands, his scant concern for the niceties of democratic procedure and his uncanny ability to project a populist image combining scorn for the privileged higher-ups with concern for the man on the street. Notwithstanding Yeltsin's stern criticism of his superiors' bourgeois appetites, he earned their blessings and substantial popular support as well. Clearly, here was a man who knew how to get things done.

Aron is not merely an undiscriminating groupie. He takes note, for instance, of Yeltsin's fawning attitude to his onetime boss Leonid Brezhnev, whose "wisdom, giant talent for organization, human charm and bubbling energy" he extolled. Yeltsin's speeches also bristled with mordant condemnations of the mistakes, ineptitude and grandiloquent claims made by party and government bureaucrats, some of them—this by implication—high-level colleagues. All this, however, was typical of Soviet rhetoric, with its pattern of extravagant praise for this or that achievement, immediately followed—with the mere introduction of the word "however" (*odnako*)—by a litany of criticisms and denunciations. (In time the "*odnako* syndrome" became a favorite subject of Soviet cartoonists.) In Yeltsin's case both the censure and acclaim tended to excess (as did much else in his behavior), but Aron offers little evidence for his observation that astringent remarks about bureaucrats should be interpreted as a presentiment of Yeltsin's future "revolutionary" challenge to the *verkhushka* (top leadership).

Aron argues that Yeltsin is like Lincoln and de Gaulle: a rare 'authoritarian democrat.' Tantalizing term, but how does he get to it?

Indeed, the term "revolutionary," which Aron uses in the title of his book and to describe the bulk of Yeltsin's tenure, encapsulates the author's basic approach to his subject. "Revolution," after all, is a good word

Abraham Brumberg has written extensively on Russian and Eastern European developments.

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(forget 1917). Yeltsin, Aron acknowledges, committed many horrendous errors. Some of them arrested the country's political and economic progress, some resulted in misery for millions of people, some vitiated the very democracy he vowed to uphold. Yet in Aron's view, these were bound to be temporary and were indeed justified by their "revolutionary" end: to bring Russia into the realm of freedom and plenty.

Like Lincoln and de Gaulle, two men the biographer reveres, Aron is confident that Yeltsin will come to be regarded as a member of a "club, perhaps history's most exclusive, consist[ing] of those who took over great countries on the very brink of a national catastrophe, held them together, repaired and restored them, and, in the process, changed them fundamentally for the better." Both de Gaulle and Lincoln, he says, did not "hesitate to deploy large-scale and often indiscriminate violence," and both regarded "the acquisition, retention and aggregation of personal power…[as] inseparable from the good of the nation." Ditto presumably for Yeltsin who, like de Gaulle and Lincoln and other (unnamed) members of the "club," never "crossed the line beyond which fundamental democratic principles were irreparably compromised. 'Dictators' to their 'critics,'" they all "belong instead to that rare political breed: authoritarian democrats."

A tantalizing term, but how did Aron arrive at it? For one thing, by his predilection for seemingly compelling but in fact misleading comparisons. I am not an authority on either Lincoln or de Gaulle, nor have I read the rather sparse sources on which Aron based his comparative reflections, but I find it difficult to see how Yeltsin's career, first as a Communist believer and then as an authoritarian (all right, democratic authoritarian) anti-Communist, has much in common with the political biographies of those two men.

Moreover, Yeltsin wielded power under turbulent but quite different circumstances. In 1993, perhaps the most crucial year of his tenure, he repeatedly used arbitrary methods and blatant lies (such as indiscriminately labeling his adversaries "fascists," "Communists" or both) to hobble the democratically elected legislature, many of whose members were at first highly sympathetic to him, and to concentrate more power in his own hands. (In his autobiographical *The View From the Kremlin*, published in 1994, Yeltsin gloats about preparing to give the Parliament "a good horse-whipping.")

Yeltsin's rhetoric was applauded by many "democrats" who demanded the abrogation of all political rights enjoyed by their right-wing adversaries. As the year drew to a close, he finally succeeded in dissolving the Congress by force, in the process causing more than a hundred casualties, gutting the Supreme Court and foisting a new Constitution on the country with enormous powers vested in the presidency. The legitimacy of the vote approving that Constitution has been challenged by a number of distinguished Russian intellectuals; Yeltsin, however, managed to sidestep this criticism, and the critics finally gave up. The biographer writes not a word about this.

Aron's roseate view is unsupportable: A third of Russians are below the poverty line, and the state of public health has never been so grave.

It is true that in 1991 a severe shortage of goods afflicted food stores and living standards were ravaged, but Aron offers no evidence to demonstrate that these forces determined Yeltsin's behavior. Nor is it helpful to speculate that Yeltsin truly believed in the "retention and aggregation of personal power" as "inseparable from the good of the nation." So, one can assume, did Stalin. So certainly did Lenin (if we substitute the word "proletariat" for "nation"), and so thought many other would-be and actual dictators.

Aron pays scarcely any attention to Yeltsin's personal ambitions and dubious methods. Although he does not give his hero an entirely clean bill of health, he generally portrays the events of that year, 1993, in Manichean terms, a struggle between Boris, Angel of Light, and the multiple demons of Darkness. He never considers the possibility, one that has been convincingly argued by the former *Guardian* correspondent in Russia, Jonathan Steele, that Yeltsin himself deliberately precipitated the violent confrontation between the Supreme Soviet deputies and the Russian armed forces that October (see Steele's *Eternal Russia*, 1994, a book not listed in Aron's bibliography—which is in general very short on works critical of Yeltsin).

Aron stresses Yeltsin's rejection of traditional Russian nationalism and gives him credit, rightly, for helping to remove all restrictions on Jewish cultural, religious and political activity, and thus for being instrumental in reviving Jewish life in a part of the world long infected with anti-Semitism. He also points approvingly to Yeltsin's settlement of many fractious issues between Russia and Ukraine, capped by the 1997 treaty of friendship and cooperation between the two countries. (Though it is hardly surprising that Yeltsin was sympathetic to the country that stood by him in December 1991, along with Belarus, in a secret meeting at which Yeltsin and his cohorts, with a stroke of a pen, announced the dissolution of the Soviet Union and thus dealt a powerful blow to Yeltsin's main rival, Gorbachev.) Finally, he mentions Yeltsin's consistent support for the national aspirations of the Baltic peoples.

All these points are true—to a degree. But the major credit for bringing about the end of imperial Russian behavior—that is, in Eastern Europe and in Soviet relations with the West—belongs squarely to Gorbachev, to his new foreign policy and "new political thinking." True, there were differences between the two men: Yeltsin, eager to undermine Gorbachev, was bent on bringing about the dissolution of the Soviet Union. Gorbachev, on the other hand, wanted to preserve it in one form or another—though emphatically not (Aron to the contrary) by resort to force. It is Gorbachev, not Yeltsin, who was the major architect of the Soviet Union's and then Russia's foreign policy, of establishing the era of peaceful relations (rather than the specious "peaceful coexistence") with the West. Similarly, when Aron praises the vitality of political pluralism (as evidenced by regular elections) and the relaxation of censorship, he attributes both to Yeltsin, thus minimizing the enormous importance of Gorbachev's policy of *glasnost*.

Perhaps the signal instance in which Aron lets wishful thinking dim reality is over Chechnya. "One momentous precedent," he writes, "has already been established: the end of the war in Chechnya." And he adds: "Never before in Russian history had non-violent political competition and free electoral choice borne so directly and effectively on the Kremlin's major national security policy."

The end of the war in Chechnya? Two years after signing a peace treaty with his minuscule adversary, and months before the appearance of Aron's book, Yeltsin launched another invasion, under cover of mendacious assurances that it was just a "temporary action." The Russian generals wanted to avenge the humiliating fiasco of 1994–97. Chechnya obliged by becoming mired in chaos and murderous infighting. Several Chechen warlords launched raids into neighboring

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Dagestan (without the approval of Chechnya's president), and explosions devastated several apartment houses in Moscow and other cities, with shocking loss of life. There is no proof that Chechens were responsible for them, and it is altogether likely, as some observers have speculated, that they were caused or tacitly condoned by those who yearned for a showdown with the Chechen guerrillas. Whoever was responsible, the explosions exacerbated "antiblack" feelings in Russia (never far from the surface) and official language quickly branded Chechens "murderers," "terrorists" (shades of the old "enemies of the people") or, in line with the Russian predilection for "earthy language," "pure shit."

During the first Chechen war, Yeltsin had to contend with hostile Russian and foreign media. In the interim, however, the oligarchs seized control of the major media. (They had negotiated a notorious "loans for shares" agreement with the regime, receiving almost unlimited state financial aid and the right to manage their affairs with little government interference as payment for their unqualified political support for Yeltsin—a colossal piece of criminality glossed over in Aron's book.) Censorship of war coverage became severe, with Russian television purveying misleading stories and falsified data, and correspondents warned against objective, let alone sympathetic, coverage of the Chechen side. This gave Yeltsin—and subsequently, Vladimir Putin—a free hand to pursue a war that Russia's human rights defender, Sergei Kovalev, has labeled "genocidal." Under Yeltsin, too, the circulation of periodicals declined by 40 percent, and about three-fourths of all human rights organizations were denied the standing to initiate legal actions. In addition to the reimposition of censorship and restrictions on human rights groups, the war served to revive the myth of Russia's national greatness and military prowess, which Aron was so confident Yeltsin had banished.

Aron's weakness for partisan history (his own version of the "*odnako* syndrome") is perhaps most blatant in his discussion of Yeltsin's economic policies. He notes some of their deplorable features but in general pronounces the "reforms" a ringing success. In fact, much the opposite is true. The "shock therapy" urged upon Russia by a group of Harvard economists, above all Jeffrey Sachs, supported by the US government and energetically implemented by several young Russian economists, proved a disaster. The swift elimination of most price controls and subsequently a sweeping privatization program resulted in hyperinflation and wiped out, in several installments, all the savings of average Russians. About one-third of Russia's population thus found itself living below the poverty level, while a few have grown enormously rich, sending their profits to Swiss banks (an estimated $65 billion over the past few years) instead of plowing them back into their country's sagging industries. And that's not to mention the money laundered—estimated to be at least $7 billion—through the Bank of New York by some of the country's elite, now under investigation. The massive privatization program was fueled by huge sums of American money, which under the direction of Yeltsin protégé Anatoly Chubais were used to transfer the lion's share of the state-owned economy into the hands of a small number of business tycoons (the "oligarchs") who—as noted before—gained enormous political power.

Chubais & Co. have benefited greatly from this program. The oligarchs paid Chubais a $3 million fee in the form of an interest-free loan. Subsequently it turned out that two members of the Harvard Institute for International Development, which ran the privatization program, were "using [their] personal relations...for private gain," thus in fact compounding the corruption they helped bring about. Both were summarily dismissed from their jobs, and the HIID terminated its "missionary" activities in Russia. This January, Harvard officials announced that HIID will be dissolving in June, but denied that the move is related to a Justice Department investigation of possible insider trading. (For an excellent analysis of Russia's economic disasters and the role played by Western economists, see Janine Wedel, *Collision and Collusion: The Strange Case of Western Aid to Eastern Europe*.) [See also her *Nation* treatment of the subject,"The Harvard Boys Do Russia," June 1, 1998.]

A brief digression: Economic blight is ubiquitous in Russia—though not, to be sure, in Moscow, leading many Western visitors to assume, after noting the number of furs and Mercedes on the streets, that conditions in other parts of the country replicate those in Moscow. Wrong. To be sure, the city's mayor, Yuri Luzhkov, has done an impressive job. More apartments have gone up in Moscow than in any other city, restaurants and night spots proliferate, the stores are full and the prostitutes more expensive than anywhere else. But in addition to the fact that Russia's small number of nouveaux riches—whose income, according to the deputy mayor in charge of social affairs, is 61 percent higher than the income of the poorest inhabitants—all congregate in Moscow, the truth is that other regions have been forced to pay for the capital's expansion. (The deputy mayor also reported, on February 28, that 52 percent of all Muscovites live below the poverty level—this in the showcase of Russia's new capitalism!)

Furthermore, the city gets a large subsidy from the central government, and 80 percent of the banking capital is concentrated there, as are all the major oil and gas companies, which pay regional taxes on corporate profits in Moscow, while regional subdivisions of those same companies cannot afford to pay profit taxes in their home regions. Also, half of all foreign direct investment has gone to Moscow (see "After Yeltsin Comes...Yeltsin," by Daniel Treisman, *Foreign Policy*, Winter 1999–2000). I can report from my own travels there and to other Russian cities last summer that the capital is hardly a model for the rest of the country.

It should be clear from all this that the evidence does not bear out Aron's roseate view of a country being "changed fundamentally for the better." But the fuller truth is even grimmer. The criminalization of Russia has reached, according to an eminent sociologist, Nikita Pokrovsky, "the reverse of public and personal morality in

RIDDLE

By all accounts miscounted, I am counted on by you,
as if words weren't meant to mean what they do,
as if my uprisings were a promise coming true
in the semblance of a riddle, in the name of one too.

(Baker's Dozen)

Sherod Santos

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which criminal deviations are not only permissible but 'normal'" (think, in addition to the pervasive corruption, of the assassinations of competing mafiosi, bankers and journalists, none of which have been solved). Has Aron, I wonder, seen the 1999 report *Confessions at Any Cost: Police Torture in Russia*, published in 1999 by Human Rights Watch, about the brutal extortion of confessions from prisoners, which "the courts commonly accept...at face value" and use "as a basis for convictions"?

The condition of public health in Russia has never—repeat, never—been so grave as it is now. The enormously higher rate of deaths over births, of infants born with serious health problems, the rapidly growing incidence of sexually transmitted diseases, of alcoholism and tobacco consumption, pulmonary and coronary illnesses, and of hard drug use is mind-boggling. All this, along with the shocking rise in suicides, one of the highest incidences in the world (a few weeks ago in Moscow alone ten suicides were recorded, all by people hurling themselves from the roofs of their apartment buildings), has led the eminent American demographer Murray Feshbach, based on figures provided by one of Russia's most eminent epidemiologists, to predict a marked decrease of the population, possibly to as low as 80 million (!) by the year 2050 (from a base of 148 million in 1990).

Yeltsin, of course, cannot be held responsible for these developments, whose roots go back to conditions existing in czarist Russia and more so to the horrors caused by a succession of Communist regimes virtually bent on destroying civil institutions, sowing cynicism, the cult of selfishness, hypocrisy and tolerance of brutality, all of which, despite the progress that has taken place over the past two decades, have remained deeply rooted in Russian society.

But at no time in history is the path to the future predetermined, and in all circumstances alternatives are available. This was certainly true in the mid-eighties, when the country could easily have gone on vegetating, with the bulk of the population assured of its daily bread and sausages and the *nomenklatura* of its corrupting privileges, but instead produced a leader, Gorbachev, who craved change no less than many ordinary citizens. Yeltsin, too—in 1991, when he had reached the pinnacle of popularity, and two years later, when he reached the pinnacle of power—had alternatives, such as opting for a gradual tempo of economic reform combined with a strengthening of legal institutions (as was urged by the head of the Yabloko political party, Grigory Yavlinsky) that would have provided guarantees for economic and political progress. Instead of pouring billions of rubles into genocidal ends, he could have used some of the available funds to improve the sagging healthcare system, avert the further deterioration of the environment or halt the monstrous spread of criminality, to mention but a few of the monumental ills that afflict Russia today. Instead, he succumbed to ambition and greed, surrounded himself with unscrupulous supporters (soon to become known as "The Family") and kept changing his prime ministers, all the while engaging in bouts of drinking that sapped his mental and physical powers and helped rob him of much of the popularity he had once enjoyed. He was fortunate in finding in Putin a successor who fully agreed with his policy in Chechnya, absolved him of all wrongdoing (which had come to threaten Yeltsin with criminal investigation) and began where his predecessor had left off.

All this was food for a clearheaded, dispassionate and indeed fascinating and thoughtful biography. Instead, we have some valuable pages with a heavy admixture of Panglossian cant. What a pity. ■

Executioners' Songs

JoANN WYPIJEWSKI

CONDEMNED: Inside the Sing Sing Death House. By Scott Christianson. NYU. 184 pp. $24.95.
WITHOUT SANCTUARY: Lynching Photography in America. Photographic Collection by James Allen. Edited by Twin Palms Publishers. 211 pp. $60.

The Control Equipment such as Voltage Regulators, Auto Transformers, Oil Circuit Breakers, Panel Board, etc., was designed by and supplied by General Electric Company. Prior to the Institution going to Alternating Current, a Consulting Engineer, Mr. G.M. Ogle, aided the design of the Electric System. The design for the present system using the Institution supply of Alternating Current was by a Mr. H.M. Jalonack in 1931, an engineer employed by General Electric.

—J.J. Shanahan, chief engineer, April 10, 1942, on the electric chair, Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, New York, quoted in Condemned

The "living body" was the name given a condemned prisoner by authorities at the Sing Sing death house. "It" was measured, numbered, photographed, accounted for by age, crime, personal claims as to the crime (innocent, etc.), trial judge, sentencing date, receiving date and, ultimately, date of execution. Sometimes this *curriculum mortis* included as well its accomplices, next of kin, marital status, habits, rap sheet, education and, almost always, the occupation at which it might also have been considered a "living body," with the difference that, as a worker, it would have been measured in terms of its productive value.

Most all the men represented in Scott Christianson's excavation of Sing Sing's long-sealed archive of the dead, 1891–1963, have by way of identification only their conviction and their former status as "laborer," "stamper," "laundry worker," "machinist," "button maker," "button-hole maker," "waiter," "messenger boy"—age, 17; education, fifth grade; crime, strangulation; claims, innocence; execution, 1-9-56—"counterman," "truck driver," "handyman," "transient," "unemployed." The only representatives from outside the conventional working class are Louis "Lepke" Buchalter and his lieutenants in Murder, Inc., and Julius Rosenberg. The only women represented are a "housewife, rooming house" and the notorious: Martha Jule Beck (*a k a* the "Miss Lonely Hearts Killer"), Ruth Brown Snyder (adulteress/spouse killer and subject of the only known photograph of an electrocution) and Ethel Rosenberg.

As routine, the administrators of the death house filed reports from guards and from the Governor's Lunacy Commission. They archived letters from the Bureau of Prisons and from the prisoners' advocates, enemies and loved ones. They authenticated the prisoners' papers—"this is to certify that the attached marriage certificate submitted in the above case has been examined under the office detectoscope and appears to be without alteration"—and re-

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TECHNOLOGY UPDATE

Why pay for cellular phone service if you need it only for emergencies?

Magnavox® Mobile911™ integrates wireless 911 communication and an emergency siren to create affordable and effective emergency help...without monthly fees.

by Holly Kidd

The second our children come into this world...that's the second we begin to worry. And as they grow the list of worries grows right along with them. Some say you can only do so much to protect loved ones—your sixteen-year-old driving off for the first time, or your aging parents who are starting to feel insecure—but don't believe it. One of the most effective ways of protecting them is also one of the simplest. It's called Magnavox® Mobile911™, and it represents a new age in safety and security. Will it stop you from worrying? Of course not...but it just might help you worry less.

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corded their last meal. They sent out invitations to witnesses and filed the replies. They noted a clergyman's administration of the sacraments. They divided the labor:

> Warden Denno.
> Assignments for executions scheduled for tonight—August 12, 1954
>
> Lt. Toploski - leg electrode
> Sgt. Tautenham - left side
> Sgt. Werber - right side
> Sgt. Goldfarb - Legs (ankle straps)
> Sgt. Taylor - Dinner
> P.K. Kelley - Usual

When it was over, they filled out "Legal Execution" forms with Time In/Time Out, and released the now-dead body for autopsy:

> The brain weighed 1270 grams and is normal on sectioning.... The cerebellum seen from the posterior surfaces is opaque and greyish in color. It has a boiled appearance. The whole brain is uncomfortably warm to the touch.
>
> ...
>
> The body lies on the table in the usual position after execution. The head is back, the mouth is open, the eyes are staring and the right leg is drawn up about half-flexion. There are the usual seared marks revealing 2nd and 3rd degree burns on the dorsal part of the neck, and 2nd and 3rd degree burns on the dorsal part of the right knee.
>
> —Autopsy reports, March 1, 1951, and May 19, 1960, respectively

After that, the administrators had only to inform the family, dispense with the remains (either to kin or, where kinfolk were unknown or indigent, to Sing Sing's own graveyard) and settle accounts with the executioner—fees, transport mileage and the like. Between 1891 and 1963 the directors at Sing Sing enacted this ritual 614 times, more often than at any single American prison. In their procedural exactitude, these death-house performances established, as Christianson writes, "the prototype for modern legal prison-based executions."

* * *

> *After stripping Hose of his clothes and chaining him to a tree, the self-appointed executioners stacked kerosene-soaked wood high around him. Before saturating Hose with oil and applying the torch, they cut off his ears, fingers, and genitals, and skinned his face. While some in the crowd plunged knives into the victim's flesh, others watched* "with unfeigning satisfaction" *the contortions of Sam Hose's body as the flames rose, distorting his features, causing his eyes to bulge out of their sockets, and rupturing his veins. The only sound that came from the victim's lips, even as his blood sizzled in the fire, were,* "Oh, my God! Oh, Jesus." *Before Hose's body had even cooled, his heart and liver were removed and cut into several pieces and his bones were crushed into small particles. The crowd fought over these souvenirs.*
>
> —*Leon F. Litwack, "Hellhounds," from* Without Sanctuary

"A monster in human form" was the name given Sam Hose, a black Georgian, by white Georgians when 2,000 of them—some delivered from Atlanta by excursion train—lynched him on April 23, 1899. If the circumstances of Hose's execution did not set the prototype for lynching—that was accomplished almost immediately after the Civil War—they surely weren't unique. Most all the executions documented in James Allen's collection of lynching photographs, 1870–1960, involved African-American men (often those who had disdained subservience, achieved a level of prosperity); accusations of crimes against whites (particularly white women); absence of any trial or legal proceeding; torture; gleeful witness by a horde of white men, women and children; souveniring; memorialization in the form of postcards (the source of most of the collected photos); after-the-fact assertions of white righteousness ("The people of Georgia are...the descendants of ancestors who have been trained in America for 150 years," an Atlanta newspaper commented after Hose was sacrificed; "They are a people intensely religious, homeloving and just. There is among them no foreign or lawless element"); and the unconcealed aim of social regulation through terror. (For the most part, the few white victims represented here were also lynched as a warning, to cattle rustlers, strikebreakers, immigrants, uninvited homesteaders.)

Senators, district attorneys, sheriffs, judges, governors, authorities at every level, participated in, sometimes led, these autos-da-fé. Where mob "rowdyism" offended their sensibilities, the gentility would organize "orderly" lynchings—"good lynchings" they were called, conducted without fire or the scramble for body parts, but rather in the "most approved and up-to-date fashion." Between 1882 and 1968, 4,743 people, three-quarters of them African-American, were lynched. More than 90 percent of those executions occurred in the South, and *Without Sanctuary* reproduces images of sixty-seven of them, sometimes involving multiple victims, sometimes shown from a variety of angles, more than once, long shot and close-up.

* * *

It might be that the stuff of life, as Adorno suggests, can be seen only in fragments, that there is no final synthesis, that such a "whole" as might exist can be understood only from that which is partial, unfinished—the shards of experience, first one, then another, and another...

So, too, perhaps, with the stuff of death. Both *Condemned* and *Without Sanctuary* are creatures of the archive, but only one recognizes that death's power—and particularly the power of the state or its surrogates to confer death—lies in the memory of the living.

In *Condemned*, the successive live faces of men and women sentenced to die, a DA's synopsis of a crime, a warrant of execution, a hand grasping the hair of a man in a straitjacket too crazy to cooperate with death-house admittance procedures, fingerprints, letters home, letters from home denied delivery, letters begging for reprieve, telegrams, rules, surveillance reports, a lone report of final resistance, a prisoner's diagram of a prison guard's key, all the mundane bits and pieces of life on death row follow one after the next, like footfalls on a stone floor leading closer to the electric chair—click-clack, click-clack.

Despite the impact of its initial images, and especially of the story of Sam Hose, which opens Leon Litwack's historical essay, *Without Sanctuary* has none of that force. It is concerned with memory only in the most vulgar sense. How many suspended lifeless bodies can you bear? How many gruesome stories? How many castrated men, blood running down their legs, lower bodies primly covered with makeshift skirts, will it take to shock? How many faces forgotten or even unnoticed for the horror to their bodies? How many lynchers without histories? How many victims whose only history begins and ends with the tale of their execution? How many of the 4,000 limited-edition casebound copies will so many black bodies sell? How many will it take to forget?

Intentionally or not, the book served as a kind of catalogue to an extremely popular exhibition of Allen's collection in New York City recently [see "Diary of a Mad Law Professor," February 14]. One of the functions of catalogues, of course, is to reproduce in exalted form the objects or "works" whose real-life manifestation might be far less visually commanding—here, the works being mainly small post-

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cards, weathered with years and handling, some copyrighted by the photographer either in scrawl or fine type, some with faded tourist greetings ("Well John—this is a picture taken of a great day we had in Dallas March 3.... I was very much in the bunch. You can see the negro hanging on a telephone pole"), but none, in their original state, beautifully printed on heavy paper on a scale befitting a $60 book.

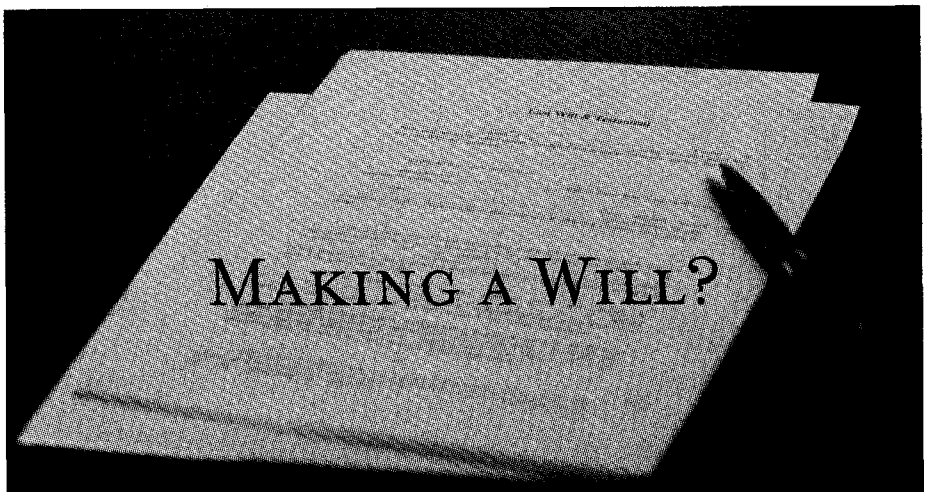
In so mannered a form, the challenge to consciousness raised by the solitary, unhurried act of sifting through an archive is lost, and, transmuted into art, the brittle relics of what one black observer of the time called "folk pornography" remain only that. By the end of the book, one has been inoculated against suffering.

If this posed merely an aesthetic problem—or, better, a problem of spectacularizing what is already too much a spectacle—one could leave it at that. But history is not something over there, separable by its simplest component parts, complete in the past tense except insofar as it can prompt the empty vow "Never Again."

* * *

> *Witnesses routinely report that, when the switch is thrown, the condemned prisoner "cringes," "leaps," and "fights the straps with amazing strength." "The hands turn red, then white, and the cords of the neck stand out like steel bands."... The force of the electrical current is so powerful that the prisoner's eyeballs sometimes pop out and "rest on [his] cheeks." The prisoner often defecates, urinates and vomits blood and drool.... [Electrocution is] nothing less than the contemporary technological equivalent of burning people at the stake.*
>
> —*Justice William Brennan, dissenting opinion,* Glass v. Louisiana, *1985*

Even as mobs continued to mete out hideous tortures, the majority of lynchings were straightforward hangings along lines approved by the better classes, who worried about the image being conveyed to Northerners, particularly Northern investors. In his classic book *Rope and Faggot*, Walter White notes that the worst atrocities increased around the turn of the century (just as, incidentally, US soldiers in the Philippines were describing their mission as "nigger killing"). Of 416 lynchings of African-Americans between 1918 and 1927, White says, 62 involved "abnormal savagery." Another researcher, W. Fitzhugh Brundage, estimates that in Georgia 34 percent of lynchings involved at least some of the maniacal barbarities visited upon Sam Hose. There can be no "only" attached to 62, to 34 percent, to even one—



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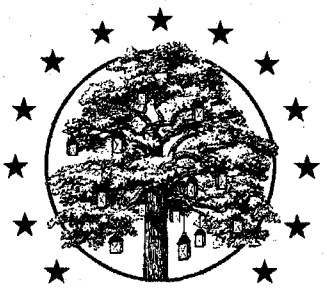

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had Hose alone been so mutilated—but, however unfathomable, these are shorts in the system. The 354, the 66 percent, testify to the superior results of "normal savagery."

Just so, as Northern agitators intensified their calls for federal laws against lynching, the Southern elite moved toward regulating the practice through law. As Douglas Colbert put it in *Challenging the Challenge* (quoted by Stephen Bright in a damning paper, "Discrimination, Death and Denial"), by the 1920s Southern states began to "replace lynchings with a more '[humane]...method of racial control'—the judgment and imposition of capital sentences by all-white juries." Instances of homely slaughter dropped from 315 between 1920 and 1929, to 130 between 1930 and 1939, but the fundamental objective was unchanged. As Colbert writes, "The process of 'legal lynchings' was so successful that in the 1930s, two-thirds of those executed were black." Third-degree burns from the chair began to substitute for "barbecues" from the mob, and in time General Electric would wrest from the wielders of rope and fire the Southern franchise on ritual murder.

In 1924, according to Bright, director of the valiant Southern Center for Human Rights in Atlanta, the state of Georgia, which had ranked second in extrajudicial lynchings, embarked on its career as "the nation's primary executioner, carrying out the most executions in the twentieth century before the death penalty was declared unconstitutional in 1972"—337 blacks between 1924 and 1972, as against 75 whites. Today, 80 percent of those who walk to their death do so in the South. Their number is rising fastest in Alabama, where court-appointed attorneys spend, on average, only three days defending their clients at trial in capital cases, and which—like Texas, Virginia, Georgia and Mississippi (Number One in the old days of lynching)—has no state public defenders. Just since January, fourteen people have had their lives snuffed legally, thirteen of them in states that once provided the lynch mob's most licentious theaters.

And so, as it happens, death knows no difference, because from 1930, the point at which lynching concluded its most precipitous drop, it took the legal system sixty-nine years to kill 4,457 people. It took the lynchers eighty-six years to kill 4,743. And, as Bright notes, in the South the typical scenario for an African-American facing the death sentence continues to be trial by a white prosecutor, before a white judge, with an all-white or mostly white jury—and, in Georgia, facing the Confederate battle standard, the dominant feature of that state's flag.

Every one of Georgia's elected district attorneys—who have absolute power in determining whether the state will seek the death sentence—was white until recently; now all but one are white. In 1995 those DAs joined the state's white Attorney General in successfully arguing that even though 98.4 percent of Georgians serving life sentences for narcotics offenses were black—and even though less than 1 percent of whites eligible for a life sentence for narcotics offenses actually received it—there was no evidence that the disparity constituted racial discrimination. Their central argument? If that disparity was held discriminatory, then the same might be true of disparities in death sentencing; and if that was true, the court would be taking a "substantial step toward invalidating" the state's death penalty law—which, they said, would "paralyze the criminal justice system."

* * *

What is it about America's tradition of death that makes it so persistent? The procession of names on Sing Sing's roster of the condemned is more illuminating than numbers. In the early years, McElvaine, Cotto, McGuire, Pustalka, McDonald, Zachello, O'Laughlin, Strollo, Governale, Garfalo, Hampartjoomian, Samarco, Candido, Zanza, McHenry, McKenna, Hing, Wing, Draniewicz, Kushnieruk, Jankowski, Levandowski, Boyanowski; on a single day in 1914, Horowitz, Cirofici, Seidenschmer, Rosenberg; until about 1930, with given names Archangelo, Albito, Antonio, Giuseppe, Giovanbatista, Pasquale, Ludwig, Carrl, Pietro, Oreste, Johan, Eulogia, Eng, Enrique, Matteo, Lorenzo, Luigi, Petrius, Saito, Alric, Kasimir, Israel, Yun Tieh.

For all the South's murderous history, it was New York that, in 1835, privatized state-sanctioned murder, removing from public view the brute force of a life extinguished while, under the shroud of procedure, further legitimizing its use against those targeted for the most repressive control: the poor and, especially, immigrants.

The great wave of immigration to the United States occurred between 1845 and 1924, with many of the newcomers settling in the Northeast. They suffered most in the depressions of the late nineteenth century but were also the easiest to brand an undesirable class. In 1891 a Buffalo reporter reviled Italian immigrants, characterizing their desperation—e.g., salvaging cigar butts from the street to boil, unwind and recycle as "new" cigars—as another of their "un-American codes and modes." New York had introduced the electric chair to the

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nation in 1888; on July 7, 1891, Sing Sing held its first execution, a quadruple one. We know only the prisoners' names and "races": Harris Alonzo Smiler (W), James Slocum (W), Joseph Wood (B), Shibayo Jugiro (A). Throughout its history Sing Sing would specialize in multiple executions, the same day or over the space of a week—a signal to "un-Americans" made most plain on 6-19-53, the night the Rosenbergs were electrocuted ten minutes apart.

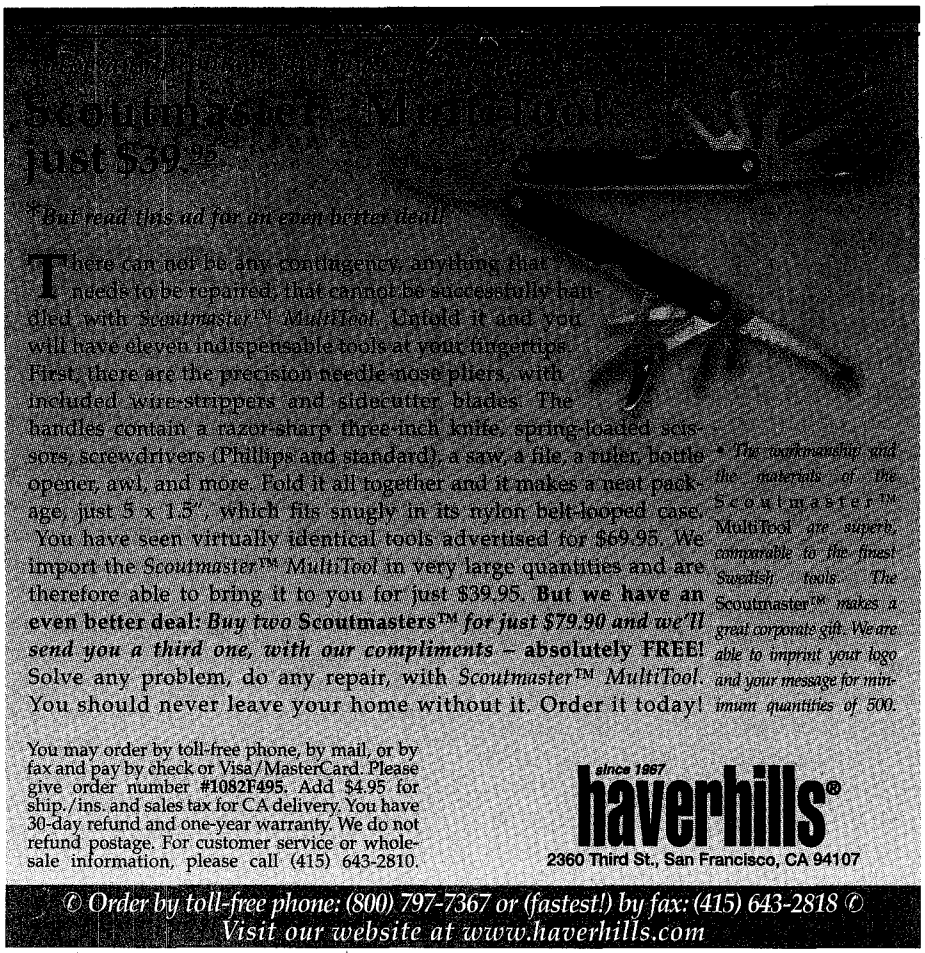
Around 1947, after the second great migration of blacks South to North, and following the return of white workers to the factories, the names on the death roster give way sharply to Johnson, Washington, Jones, Sims, Jackson, Davis, Bunch, Walker, Richardson, Daniels. Where blacks had accounted for 14.5 percent of Sing Sing's condemned from 1891 to 1929 (a span including the first great migration) and 21 percent from 1930 to 1946, their representation leapt to 41 percent from 1947 to 1959, and to 80 percent in 1960–63, start of the modern civil rights movement, and closing years of the Death House. The question Who is American? had been simplified to Who is white? Eddie Lee Mays (B), 34, laborer, was the last to die, 8-15-63.

Race may be the main thing one notices coursing through these statistics, but it is never the only thing. Lynching reached its highest point (for people of both colors) in the Populist era, when poor blacks and whites made efforts to ally against the elites. As illustrated in Orlando Patterson's *Rituals of Blood*, the occurrences of lynchings of African-Americans plunged in the 1920s but saw an uptick in the mid-1930s, coincident with renewed efforts, by Communists and socialists in the South, to organize workers across the color line. (Nationwide, in the period before the Supreme Court ruled the death penalty unconstitutional, the socially volatile 1920s and '30s toted up the highest number of state-sanctioned murders, these peaking in 1939.)

It is possible, too, to correlate, as some scholars have, the periods of intensification of lynchings with downturns in the cotton industry, when poor blacks and whites would be in fiercest competition, rich planters in greatest fear of black-white solidarity, and the basest passions inflamed by the original poison, the sodality of the skin. It is likely that those postcards of lynchings were made not just to terrorize blacks but to reaffirm that sodality.

* * *

[Consider the] relationship between the organized death of living labour (capital punishment) and the oppression of the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living by dead labour (the punishment of capital).— Peter Linebaugh,
The London Hanged

Contemplation of execution is different from contemplation of ordinary death, even violent death. Power, not suffering, is the essential focus, although the imposition of suffering, at whim and as example, may be the greatest of oppressive powers. The faces in Christianson's *Condemned* are unlike the faces of the condemned now appearing on public phone boxes, selling some vague consciousness while advertising Benetton. They are, also, unlike the mugshots from death row that feature on the Texas Department of Criminal Justice's website, together with criminal histories, descriptions of last meals—an exposition that, through relentless repetition, erases the prisoner in the very act of disclosure. In these other cases, who pauses to think about the iron-handed industrial control over Benetton's contract workers, for instance, in the face of those individuals subject to the ultimate state control? Who wonders at the institutional machinations behind the Texas website's implicit command—scroll down, drop out, drop dead?

Christianson's book does not go so far as to make those sorts of connections explicit, but it masterfully opens pathways for thought. What is the meaning of this regimen of death? Why was this one condemned and not another one? What was the purpose of this arbitrary decision or that? How did it feel to be the worker who took stock of the "July 4th, 1951 copy of Declaration of Independence, Cardboard with 6 of children's pictures,...Two pictures of Ethel cut from newspapers,...A complete listing of each and every visit with Ethel, Family and Lawyer," things left in Julius Rosenberg's cell, and of all the things left in all the other cells of the dead? Why were General Electric's contributions so methodically set forth and so worthy of preservation? How, now, does it feel to be the worker who searches for a vein in the one strapped to a gurney?

Allen's book, on the other hand, suppresses thought to elicit pity. And pity, as Hilton Als points out in an interesting essay that groans with ambivalence over its inclusion in *Without Sanctuary*, comes down to "white people exercising their largesse in my face as they say Tell me about yourself, meaning Tell me how you've suffered? Isn't that what you people do?"

Sometimes, oftentimes, people resist rather than suffer. It is the necessary answer to the click-clack, click-clack sounding in remembrance of those killed as a lesson. ■

FILMS

Planetary Realignments

STUART KLAWANS

ALONE • THE LITTLE THIEF • WHAT PLANET ARE YOU FROM?

Last night a teenager killed himself below my bedroom window. I heard it happen: first a crescendo of police sirens coming up the avenue at two in the morning, then a crash. The car was a big new Range Rover, which the kid had thought he could swerve at high speed into a side street—just like in the movies. At 9 today, the remains of his evasive maneuver were still spread over the sidewalk. A neighbor told me he died bare to the waist.

Walk around the streets of any big city and you, too, will see young people careen toward fatality, or damn close enough. Those out-of-control journeys have now become the special subject of filmmaker Erick Zonca. His first feature, *The Dreamlife of Angels*, won extraordinary praise (in these pages, as elsewhere) for charting the intersecting paths of two young women in the north of France: members of the working class who don't work much, and who form an intense friendship till temperament pulls them apart.

Now two shorter films by Zonca are showing up on screens in the United States. (In New York, they're at Film Forum through March 14.) *Alone*, a half-hour piece, was made just before *The Dreamlife of Angels*. The hourlong *The Little Thief* was made just after. Spare, direct and unsentimental, yet crafted with a moviemaker's touch, they give us two more portraits of impecunious young people on their way toward catastrophe.

Alone and *The Little Thief* turn out to be a matched set: the first focusing on a girl who loses her job and her housing within the opening scene, the second on a boy who does the same. Both characters have leather jackets and bad attitudes; both fall in with companions of the same sex, who for a while seem instructive; both get in trouble with the law. That said, *Alone* is a more anecdotal piece, which sucks down its protagonist as efficiently as a fast-running drain. *The Little Thief* finds more time to invent circumstances and observe the surroundings, so that its protagonist has a measure of the free will that's used and abused in *The Dreamlife of Angels*.

Set in Paris, *Alone* begins in the middle of traffic, through which Amélie (Florence Loiret) darts on her way toward work. She's a waitress, though not for long. Fired for chronic tardiness and a manner that upsets the patrons' digestion, she returns to her apartment to find that an African family has just moved in. What few belongings she has, the landlord will keep till she pays her back rent. "I'll go on TV and denounce you!" she screams—which is as good a plan as she makes for the rest of the movie.

Thin, fine-featured and haggard, with eyes that burn beneath her dark, blunt-cut hair, Amélie retires to a doorway in which to smoke and brood. It's while she's slumped there, knees to chin, that Zonca introduces one of the two key objects in the film: A gun literally drops into her possession. She tucks it into her bag with the film's other key object: 500 francs in severance pay, which she was given in the opening scene. We now know exactly how much money Amélie has to her name and exactly how long it will last. (She's checked into a dump that costs 100 francs a night.) The only questions remaining are when she'll pull the gun, and how.

Being a realist, more or less, Zonca knows it's not that easy to use a gun—especially not for a young woman who has never before been on the street. While on her downward path, which takes her through a day job at an open-air market to a night in a homeless shelter and at last to a point of crisis in an immigrant neighborhood on the outskirts of town, Amélie does everything she can think of with the gun. She tries flaunting it, selling it, dumping it. Begging is easier, almost. She's taught how by a young woman of similar size and coloring (Veronique Octon), who might be a foreshadowing of Amélie in a few months' time. But it seems the future won't take exactly that form. When Amélie at last tries to beg, she has to force her arm into place, clutching her left hand against the right arm's crook. It's a pose you'd assume while waiting for a tourniquet.

The protagonist of *The Little Thief* has no more talent for crime than does Amélie;

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he just tries a lot harder. "S" (Nicolas Duvauchelle) is a thin, rosy-mouthed guy with close-cropped dirty-blond hair: a kid who might be mistaken for the young Keir Dullea, had Dullea ever worn a scar on his brow or sweated out a job in a bakery in Orléans. It's a job that "S" keeps for less than a minute of screen time. Declaring his unwillingness to be a wage slave—or, as he puts it, to suck the boss's cock—"S" quickly commits an act of heartless petty thievery and takes off for Marseilles.

By the time we catch up with him, through one of those abrupt cuts that are a signature of Zonca's style, "S" has fallen in with a young crew in a cafe. The handheld camera jumps from the face of one to another, as they talk about the filthy wealth of all politicians, Socialist and National Front alike. "S" says nothing. He's here to ingratiate himself and learn, and also to make a few francs by helping the crew take revenge on the rich. Another cut, and the camera is following the boys through the burglary of a beautiful house in the hills.

So begins an apprenticeship in violence, which is carried out principally at a boxing gym and in the staircases and passageways of Marseilles's cheaper apartment buildings. The single overriding lesson: Make yourself harder. Once unwilling to show up on time at a bakery, "S" now has a job that requires him to empty chamber pots, put up with sexual taunting and endure repeated bludgeonings in the ring. The worse "S" is treated, the more furiously he throws himself into learning to be tough—which means the teaching method works. But the pupil in this case is of limited aptitude. He's clumsy enough to bloody himself while shadow-boxing, angry enough to let his rage get loose against his crew boss instead of an acceptable target.

What's most fascinating throughout this apprenticeship is the silence it entails. Although "S" talks a lot during the film's opening scenes, using a bass voice that seems too big for his body, he has to choose his words carefully once he's in Marseilles. Then, past a certain point in the story, he no longer talks at all.

Is he able to? There's some doubt. "S" may have been rendered mute by an act of bloodletting, one that Zonca presents so graphically that Tarantino himself might avert his eyes. That's the moviemaker side of Zonca. He constructs his pictures so they'll give him opportunities to grab you—and he knows how. The filmmaker side comes out through the silence that follows. In the final scene, which is all the more devastating for its calm, someone offers "S" a political voice. Here's a flier, says an honest working man. We're going to fight. "S" takes the paper, drags on his cigarette and says nothing. Apparently, he doesn't feel the need for a political voice. He has a razor blade, and that's enough.

Grateful for small favors, I now praise the new film by Mike Nichols—or Garry Shandling, or any of half a dozen other people—*What Planet Are You From?*

Hollywood, when it existed, used to be good at making this kind of team-created light entertainment. Now I stare in wonder when producers manage to assemble a group of extraordinarily talented people and let them do their jobs—although in this case, I would guess, they didn't work *too* hard.

Shandling, who was one of four writers on the film, plays H1449-6, an extraterrestrial being who temporarily takes the name of Harold Anderson upon coming to Earth. The mission of this sexless creature, agent of an advanced and ambitious civilization bent on universal conquest: to use the mechanical penis with which he has been outfitted, and use it quickly. The aliens intend to breed us Earthlings off the planet. The baby whom Harold fathers will be the tip of the vanguard.

The joke, of course, is not that an alien should take the form of Shandling, with his rumpled face and please-don't-bother-me manner. The joke is that an alien should be just like Shandling and every other heterosexual Earthman: in a big hurry to put his penis into a woman, and then in a big hurry to find the TV remote. *What Planet Are You From?* therefore proposes a sentimental education for both its protagonist and a large portion of the audience. Harold will have to learn to talk to a woman, instead of saying "Uh-huh, uh-huh" and then making a grab.

The woman who provides the learning experience is Susan Hart, a recovering alcoholic who thinks she's finally overcome whatever makes her choose the wrong man. Since she marries Harold after one date, she clearly has some learning to do as well. I'm pleased to say that Susan, who works as a real estate agent, is played by Annette Bening. The last time Bening pretended to be a realtor, in *American Beauty*, she had to make herself into a gargoyle. In *What Planet Are You From?* she gets to be human—which is both an improvement and the point of the movie.

Shandling, too, learns to be human—or at least a different kind of human from the one he first embodies, suavely reeling off pickup lines as if imitating Jerry Lewis imitating Dean Martin in *The Nutty Professor*. In time, he becomes whining, querulous—more like Garry Shandling.

A passing pleasure—but I'll take it. ■

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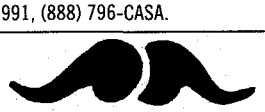
GUATEMALA: SPANISH IMMERSION, VOLUNTEER WORK, internships, tours. College credits. www.casaxelaju.com. (512) 416-6991, (888) 796-CASA.



CETLALIC ALTERNATIVE LANGUAGE SCHOOL. Learn Spanish, study Mexican/Latin American reality. Homestays. G/L/B friendly. AP 1-1201, Cuernavaca, Morelos 62000, Mexico. Phone/fax: (5273) 13-26-37; e-mail cetlalic@mail.giga.com; browse www.giga.com/~cetlalic.

EDUCATION

COSTA RICA: INTENSIVE SPANISH. Emphasis on environmental, women's and social justice issues. Field trips, internship placements. ICADS also offers semester-abroad programs in Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Write ICADS, Dept. 826, Box 025216, Miami, FL 33102; e-mail icads@netbox.com; browse www.icadscr.com.

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ORGANIZATIONS

LAS VEGAS–AREA *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP looking for new members. Contact Harold Barling, (702) 736-6905, for more information.

SAN FRANCISCO/NORTH BAY/MARIN *NATION* DISCUSSION group meets third Tuesday of each month in Ross at 7:30 PM. For more information call (415) 455-9720.

MICHIGAN *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP IS NOW FORMING. Contact Andrew Christ at (517) 832-5083.

PASADENA, CA, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP is forming. Contact Bruce Kates, (323) 663-2745.

SAN ANTONIO *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP meets the first Thursday of each month. All are welcome. Call (210) 822-7563.

HUNTINGTON, LI, NY, NATION ASSOCIATES DISCUSSION GROUP is forming. Call John Valenti at (516) 549-3926.

SAN BRUNO, CA, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP. Call Michael Lane, (650) 624-8089, e-mail mdlane@prodigy.net.

BRONX (RIVERDALE)/WESTCHESTER *NATION* DISCUSSION group is seeking new members. Contact Florence Gold at (718) 549-1601.

CULVER CITY, CA, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP meets on the third Thursday of each month. For information call (310) 391-0068.

CHICAGO AREA *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP is forming. Contact Joe Jerz, (708) 672-4620.

SEATTLE *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP meets the second Tuesday of each month. For information call Yadviga Halsey at (206) 522-9873.

MARYLAND NATION ASSOCIATES DISCUSSION GROUP is seeking new members. Contact Harry Klugel at (301) 590-0445 or e-mail htkthree@aol.com for more information.

PERSONALS

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SF-AREA WOMAN, 35, who enjoys classical music, jazz, movies, conversation about politics/society/culture, the ocean, mountains, seeks intelligent, down-to-earth SF-area man. I'm slim, attractive, and I direct an educational program for teenagers. Nation Box 336.

ADVENTURER, WRITER, EDUCATOR, 62, TRIM, cultured, myriad interests, integrity. Seeks exciting female for sharing, caring relationship—anywhere! Box 181083, Coronado, CA 92178.

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ALIENESS, MID 40S, 5'10", IN NYC AREA: many and varied interests, would like to meet a globally minded man with a sense of humor and a ruminating aspect. Nation Box 337.

If responding to a Nation Box number, send replies to: Nation Box ____, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003.

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WANTED: AWARD-WINNING, NYC-BASED TV PRODUCTION company seeks interns for reporting, research and field production for national television programs. Part or full time. Call (212) 307-6280 or fax résumé to (212) 586-9870.

LOOKING FOR AN ALTERNATIVE TO THE PEACE CORPS? Volunteer with Peace Brigades International Mexico Project. Training May 19–26. Applications due April 19. Call (510) 663-2362; e-mail pbiusa@igc.org.

ATTORNEY/ADVOCATE: WORKER JUSTICE CENTER of Las Vegas Interfaith Council seeks bilingual JD to direct client-centered advocacy program. Will develop programs, staff and volunteers to organize, educate and empower low-wage and immigrant workers around workplace issues. Limited litigation, policy advocacy involved. $40,000 plus union benefits. Contact Gary Peck, NV ACLU, (702) 366-1536 by March 31.

OFFICE MANAGER/EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT to the CEO of a high-visibility, progressive nonprofit organization. The organization forecasts cutting-edge trends in science and technology, and their impacts on the global economy, society and the environment. Duties include overseeing all aspects of CEO's speaking engagements, scheduling appointments and media interviews, and providing administrative support for CEO. Work with heads of state, CEOs and staff of global corporations, political and labor leaders, NGOs and media. Salary commensurate with experience. Benefits included. Please send résumé to Foundation on Economic Trends, Attn: Laura, 1660 L St. NW, Washington, DC 20036 or fax (202) 429-9602.

PROGRAM ANALYST: MISSION-DRIVEN individuals sought by progressive union organization to research and analyze federal, state and local public programs and related legislation in the areas of economic development, work-force development, education and welfare, among others, and prepare written analyses of materials for training/capacity-building. Related degree a plus. Salary $1,240.20 weekly; $64,986.48 annually. Minorities and women strongly encouraged to apply. Send application and writing sample to AFL-CIO WAI, Recruitment, 1101 14th St. NW, Ste. 320, Washington, DC 20005. Equal Opportunity Employer.

HUDSON VALLEY ORGANIZATION SEEKS Youth Arts Coordinator to lead empowerment program. Bilingual English/Spanish, full time. $26,000 + benefits. Reply to Richard Witt, RMM, Box 4757, Poughkeepsie, NY 12602.

***WORK FOR CHANGE*: A SEMIMONTHLY NEWSLETTER** of progressive help-wanted classifieds from nonprofits, government, business. We cater to your interests. Subscribe via www.changeworks.org or (303) 831-8443.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, DISTRICT 1199 Training and Upgrading Fund. A joint labor-management worker-education program for unionized nursing-home workers seeks director with adult education experience. Familiarity with labor movement and/or healthcare field helpful. Send résumé to Leslie Frane, District 1199, 77 Huyshope Ave., Hartford, CT 06106.

STRONG LAWYER URGENTLY NEEDED for case of police brutality. Unsuspecting individual placed in federal electrical cycle. No legal proceedings or due process. Head and body are beaten inhumanly by electrical current for twenty hours a day. Names and leads available. Write to PO Box 1282, Benson, AZ 85602.

DIRECTOR, NEW JERSEY PEACE ACTION. Grassroots organization to abolish nuclear weapons, reduce military spending. Fundraising and writing skills necessary. Call/e-mail for job description: (973) 744-3263; njsane@igc.org.

COMMUNICATIONS COORDINATOR: TEAMSTER REFORM movement seeking energetic activist for communications coordinator position. Media, education and organizing work in promotion of participatory union democracy. Good oral and written communications skills a must. Commitment to a progressive labor movement required. Spanish fluency a plus. Women and people of color encouraged to apply. Send résumé and references to TDU, PO Box 10128, Detroit, MI 48210. Call (313) 842-2600.

MICHIGAN PEACE TEAM (MPT) VOLUNTEERS NEEDED: Volunteers are needed for the Michigan Peace Team *Peace in Chiapas* (PIC) Mexico project, which began November 1, 1999. Hours will be long and living conditions poor. There is no pay so you won't become wealthy. Danger and violence are the ever-present reality of this protective-accompaniment project. Volunteers will also learn to love the cultures, languages, stories and beauty of the land and people of Chiapas. Come with your time (a minimum of two months), commitment to nonviolence and experiences of conflict resolution, and we'll provide the rest. Spanish skills preferred. Eight-day training required for volunteers and will take place from Sunday, March 26, 2 PM, through Sunday, April 2, 2 PM. Applications are due by March 6 to attend the March 26 training. 1516 Jerome St., Lansing, MI 48912; fax (517) 484-4219; call (517) 484-3178; e-mail mich peaceteam@peacenet.org; website www.traverse.com/nonprof/peaceteam.

ORGANIZER: ALLIANCE FOR A WORKING ECONOMY, a new NYC labor/community coalition, seeks an experienced organizer to advance campaigns that promote economic justice and progressive economic policy. The Alliance includes major NYC labor unions (including AFSCME, Carpenters, CWA and UNITE!), community-based and low-wage/workfare worker organizations and policy-advocacy groups. Solid experience in labor or community organizing, excellent communications skills essential. Spanish, media work, fundraising a plus. Women and people of color encouraged to apply. Full description at www.fiscalpolicy.org. Fax résumé and cover letter to AWE Organizer, (718) 857-4322.

SUPERVISORY LEVEL JOB OPENING: SEIU LOCAL 285, a progressive statewide union representing both public and private workers in Massachusetts, is seeking an experienced Staff Coordinator to supervise field reps, lead coordinated grassroots legislative campaigns and manage key bargaining fights. Bilingual candidates with Haitian Creole or Spanish are encouraged to apply. Excellent benefits package. Salary to $50,000, based on experience. Fax résumé to Hal Ruddick, Staff Director, SEIU Local 285, (617) 541-6839.

ECONOMIC ANALYST: MISSION-DRIVEN individual sought by progressive union organization to analyze regional economies, industries and labor-market issues (including skills and training, and analysis of income inequalities), and to develop written materials for training/capacity-building as part of developing strategic approaches to specific regions, industries and labor-market issues. Advanced degree preferred. Salary $1,240.20 weekly; $64,986.48 annually. Minorities and women are strongly encouraged to apply. Send application and writing sample to AFL-CIO WAI, Recruitment, 1101 14th St. NW, Ste. 320, Washington, DC 20005. Equal Opportunity Employer.

DIRECTOR, CENTER FOR WOMEN, THE UNION INSTITUTE. The Union Institute is a national university dedicated principally to adult degree programs. Founded by members of the Institute's outstanding scholar/activist faculty, the Union's Center for Women is dedicated primarily to building coalitions and other collaborations between feminist scholars and grassroots activists. Over the past ten years, CW has created several groundbreaking coalitions that address a broad range of issues, from girls' empowerment to documenting feminist activism, from women's health to vanguard publishing. In a time of great change and possibility at this university, we seek a new director to build on and expand this tradition. We need a director who has a history of feminist coalition-building, grassroots organizing, policy advocacy or similar experience; a strong history of scholarship and critical thought, higher education work or similar experience; and a nuanced understanding of the historical tensions inherent to scholar/activist collaboration in the United States. We need a director who is philosophically, intellectually and practically committed to building the necessary bridges and crossing the cultural boundaries of race, class, sexuality and nationality. The candidate will possess a mix of skills and abilities; the ideal candidate will be a strategic feminist thinker, a scholar/activist with an outstanding program, writing, speaking and organizing skills, as well as a record of fundraising accomplishment. A doctorate or equivalent set of community-based experience, critical learning, knowledge and skills is required. Candidates should send a letter of interest and background, résumé, references and salary history no later than April 10 to CW Director Search, The Union Institute, 1710 Rhode Island Ave. NW #1100, Washington, DC 20036-3007. AA/EOE.

LABOR ACTIVISTS: CALIFORNIA NURSES ASSOCIATION: Due to unprecedented growth in the ranks of our membership, CNA is seeking experienced staff to fill existing and new positions in the following areas: Union Organizers, Labor Representatives, Communications Specialist, National Magazine Editor and Lobbyist. CNA is the country's fastest-growing labor organization for RN's and currently represents over 30,000 nurses. Through our assertive stance in labor negotiations, protecting nursing practice, patient advocacy and gains in the legislative and regulatory arenas, we have gained a national reputation as a leader in the fight against the corporatization of healthcare. Positions available throughout California. Excellent salary and benefits package. Women and minorities are encouraged to apply; labor and/or progressive organization experience is required. Business unionists need not apply. Send cover letter and resume to CNA, Attn: Rose Ann DeMoro, 2000 Franklin St., Ste. 300, Oakland, CA 94612; fax (510) 663-2771; e-mail execoffice@calnurses.org; browse www.calnurse.org. No phone calls, please.

POSITION OPENING. THE CENTER FOR MEDIA EDUCATION, a national nonprofit public-interest organization located in Washington, DC, is seeking a policy analyst to work with organization's executive director on a national effort to ensure an open and democratic Internet for the 21st century. Candidate will track and analyze market policy developments impacting the Internet. They will also help coordinate CME's grassroots outreach and advocacy-related efforts related to the Internet. Qualifications: Candidate must have a BA/BS degree and similar experience in public advocacy and public policy. Knowledge of Internet issues, excellent organization and communications skills necessary. Experience with grassroots advocacy efforts a plus. For interview, e-mail sflynn@cme.org.

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POSITIONS AVAILABLE

DATABASE PROGRAMMER ANALYST. RESPONSIBILITIES: Sybase programmer/analyst, minimum of 3 years' experience with large-scale-production Sybase databases and Powerbuilder applications, good documentation and design skills. Candidate will be responsible for designing, testing, implementing, controlling and maintaining the organization's databases. Candidate will also be responsible for ensuring data security and integrity, development and maintenance of database-support tools (i.e., software front-ends to facilitate client-area applications development), development of database tables and dictionaries, as well as recovery and backup procedures. Additional responsibilities include providing technical support and troubleshooting, preventative maintenance and tuning, services and optimizing database performance. Candidate will define data and database-management policies and processes, will perform data extraction, transformation, loads and validation processes, and will also resolve data-quality issues. Candidate will work with other organizations and will coordinate data exchanges. Skill requirements: BA/BS degree. Knowledge of RDBMS structures and methodologies. Experience performing logical and physical database design. Performance tuning, backup and recovery strategies. Excellent communications skills, both verbal and written. Data modeling and report automation. SQL Server. WIN NT. Powerbuilder. Sybase. Please fax résumé and cover letter with salary requirements to MIS Director at (212) 261-2347.

TECHNICAL-SUPPORT SPECIALIST. RESPONSIBILITIES: Support an NT and Novell environment, which comprises approximately 200 stations. The network is migrating to a complete NT network with a concentration on Microsoft applications such as MS Exchange, Outlook, OfficePro and SQL. The candidate must demonstrate good troubleshooting skills and will be responsible for host connectivity, printing and applications access, installations, backup and recovery, user add-ons, authentication, maintenance, configuration, upgrades for servers and workstations, computer repair, including breaks/fixes, desktop support and consumer service. Qualifications: Minimum 3 years in NT/Novell LAN/WAN environment, using MS Office, Exchange w/Outlook, knowledge of TCP/IP, RAS and FTP, strong Windows NT diagnostics skills, excellent communications and interpersonal skills. Requirements: BA/BS degree. NT and Novell experience on servers and workstations. Must know how to set up a workstation on the network. Printer setup and troubleshooting experience. Provide access to shared network resources. Determine and acquire proper device drivers. Help-desk support. Diagnose and resolve device and software problems. Must be skilled in adding users to the network, etc. Experience in network hardware technologies and server troubleshooting, TCP/IP. Hubs, routers, switches. SQL Server, Exchange, MCSE, CAN, A+ certifications are all pluses. Please fax résumé and cover letter with salary requirements to MIS Director at (212) 261-2347.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

CALL CENTER SYSTEM ADMINISTRATOR. RESPONSIBILITIES: Candidate will develop and oversee the implementation of all technology infrastructures required for optimum Call Center operation, including administering, maintaining, upgrading and troubleshooting the call center/telemarketing system, as well as designing telemarketing campaigns, scripts and reports. The candidate will be responsible for formatting and importing data from 3rd party sources. Communications skills are critical since the candidate will be working with many data sources and will be responsible for coordination of imports and exports. Procedures are to be developed and documented to streamline the operation. Candidate will also be responsible for general network and system administration including supporting NT/Novell servers and workstations. Requirements: BA/BS degree. Experience with telemarketing systems. Novell and NT server/workstations administration. Creating new users, setting securities, files/printers sharing. MS Office. NT Exchange w/Outlook. Excellent troubleshooting skills. Ability to work extended hours and weekends. Please fax résumé and cover letter with salary requirements to MIS Director at (212) 261-2347.

NACLA SEEKS SENIOR EDITOR with editorial and Latin America experience. Details: www.nacla.org or (212) 870-3146.

PUBLICATIONS/WEBSITES

PROGRESSIVE POPULIST. Heartland news, alternative views with Jim Hightower, Molly Ivins, Ralph Nader, Jesse Jackson, Norman Solomon and other muckrakers and agitators. 22 issues $29.95. FREE SAMPLE: (800) 205-7067.

CONSENSUAL EROTIC SADOMASOCHISM'S JOURNAL of record: *SandMUtopian Guardian Magazine*. Sample $7. Call (888) 476-8697 or visit www.aswgt.com.

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CITIZENS UNITE! TO REGAIN CONTROL OVER CONGRESS! Please sign petition for a NATIONAL INITIATIVE/REFERENDUM process at www.unitedpeople.org or write for petition packet at United People, PO Box 102276, Denver CO 80250-2276.

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TRAVEL

MADRE: VOYAGES WITH A VISION. Join MADRE, an international women's rights organization. GUATEMALA, May 2–9: Visit and speak with women who work in the *maquilas* (sweatshops) that make brand-name clothing for export to the USA. Learn how Guatemalans are rebuilding their lives after the signing of the peace accords. Visit the breathtaking Guatemalan countryside. Cost $1,275 (double), $1,350 (single). PALESTINE, June 20–30: As the Middle East peace process draws to a close, what kind of reality has emerged on the ground? Visit Palestine's cities, villages and refugee camps. Learn firsthand from women, workers, educators and activists struggling for justice and authentic democracy in the aftermath of the Oslo process. Meet Golan Heights residents to hear their views about "returning" to Syria. Talk with Palestinians and Israelis demanding a just and lasting peace for both societies. Cost $2,590 (double). Prices include round-trip airfare from NY, hotel, breakfast, translation, guide and program. Send $200 deposit to reserve your space to MADRE, Voyages With a Vision, 121 W. 27th St. #301, New York, NY 10001; call (212) 627-0444; fax (212) 675-3704; e-mail madre@igc.org. Also ask about other MADRE trips, including Cuba.

MADRE. VOYAGES WITH A VISION, PALESTINE, JUNE 20–30. Visit Palestine's cities, villages, refugee camps. Explore a society engaged in powerful debates about everything from Islam and feminism to politics and nation-building. Cost $2,525. Includes round-trip airfare from NY, hotel, breakfast, translation, guide and program. Send a $200-per-person reservation deposit by May 25 to MADRE, 121 W. 27th St. #301, New York, NY 10001; call (212) 627-0444; fax (212) 675-3704; e-mail madre@igc.org. Ask about other MADRE trips, including Cuba and Guatemala.

VIDEO

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WEBSITES

EVOLUTION'S VOYAGE. Evolutionary psychology for the common person. The Renaissance is coming. www.evoyage.com.

REVOLUTIONARY DEMOCRACY ADVENTURE NOVEL: See website www.oaklandstatement.com.

WWW.SKOLNICKSREPORT.COM. Real news online. Official corruption, espionage, political wipeouts. Longtime commentator, investigator. For further information browse website www.skolnicksreport.com.

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PUZZLE NO. 2746

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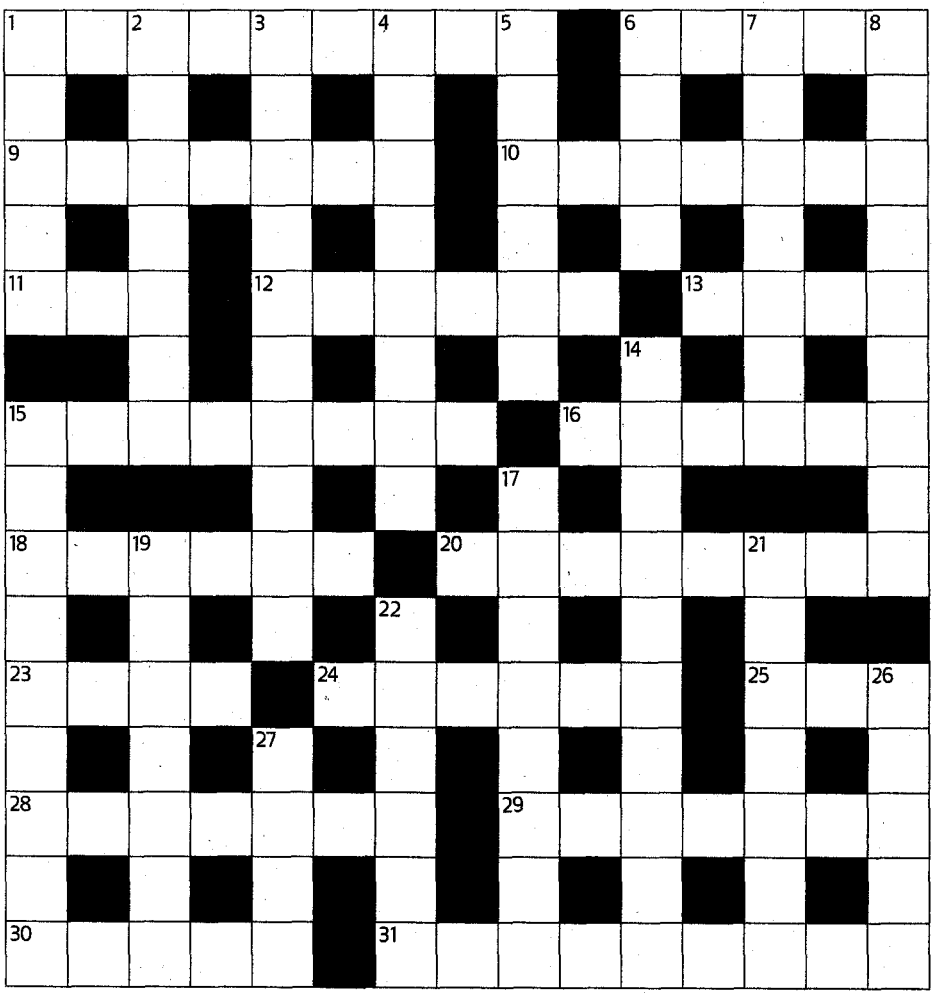

ACROSS

1 Angry? Shoot! One mustn't get caught in it! (9)

6 and **13** Upright with certain religious significance and possibly a temple, too. (5,4)

9 A state in the Northwest and one in the Southeast? Negative! But it could spice things up! (7)

10 Tom has no clothes on inside a place for certain entertainment. (7)

11 and **12** Child's mittens—or more likely worn by the sporty type. (3,6)

13 See 6

15 Means "swear to periods of time." (8)

16 Male or female on foreign holiday—you may know one from Lucia. (6)

18 Often when you think of her she's in distress. (6)

20 Swap evil for what one does to the car at times. (6,2)

23 and **24** A special place in church, but the name is wrong at the end of the block. (4,6)

25 and **28** Trying to make a good deal in taking over the drinking spot? (10)

29 If you like a certain after-dinner drink you might, as a prop. (7)

30 and **31** Correct around the facade of order in the army. (5,5-4)

DOWN

1 and **15** Such activities are wrapped in mystery but possibly lack a garden god. (5,3,6)

2 If late, such books have a fine ending. (7)

3 A sort of heading has to be forcibly grabbed. (10)

4 Some things of mine press an unusual rose in them. (4,4)

5 You have eaten out here unquestionably! (6)

6 If you keep these on people you know where they are, to make a stab at the answer. (4)

7 The producer hopes the show will have a good one, as things happen. (4-3)

8 In a little state at that time, dined inside because the material had holes in it this way. (4-5)

14 Offers up the ante, perhaps, in a place that you might not want to touch. (6,4)

15 See 1

17 Fetches (no destination given) what a whiff of smelling salts does. (6,2)

19 It makes mine get all mixed up in the assemblage. (7)

21 Confidentially, rubs the wrong way, so a conclusion is still possible. (3,4)

22 Open gallery, where the soldier is stuck with the wrong goal surrounding him. (6)

26 Earthshaking determination to be early—at least in early fashion. (5)

27 You might not want to get such a ride from the fork type. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2745

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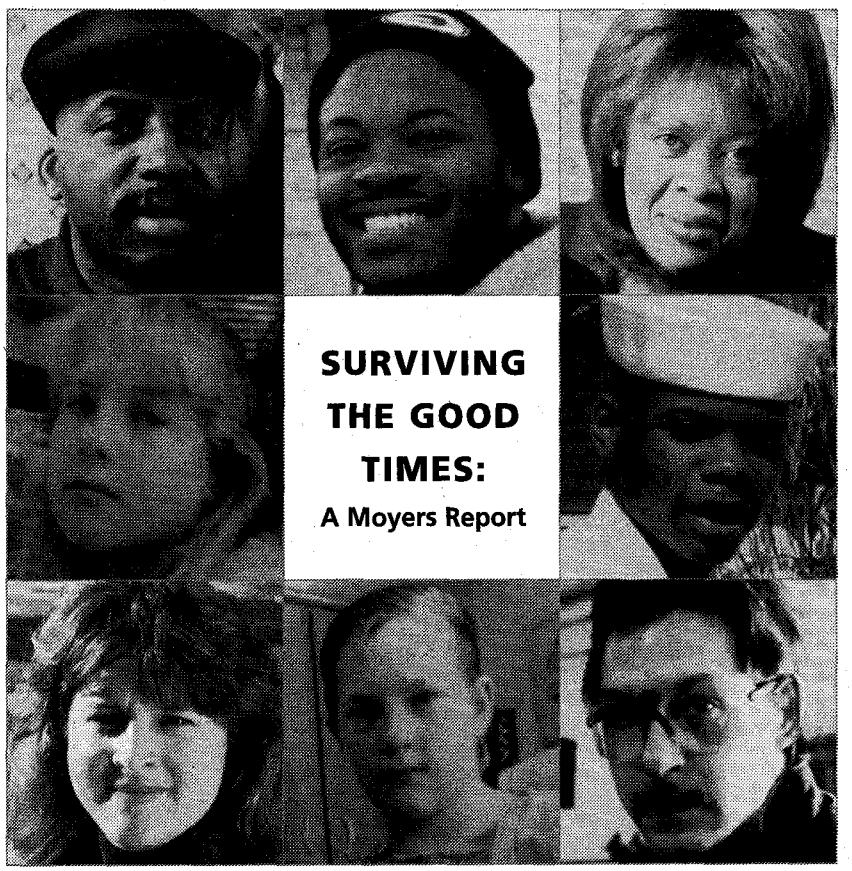

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